

FIFTY CENTS

MAY 3, 1971

# TIME

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a vibrant red, long-sleeved, fringed dress and red high-heeled shoes, is captured in a dynamic pose. She is performing a high kick, with her right leg extended upwards and her left leg planted on the ground. Her arms are raised, and she has a joyful expression on her face. The background is dark with a pattern of small, light-colored dots, resembling a night sky or a stage backdrop. The entire scene is framed by a thick red border.

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Alexis Smith in "Follies"

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Pittsburgh

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Repair deck lid, straighten		35.00
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Paint as necessary	9.00	31.50
<b>SUBTOTALS</b>	<b>\$ 89.55</b>	<b>\$115.50</b>
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$205.05</b>	

### FRONT END DAMAGE

	Parts	Labor
Replace front bumper, lower valance, back bars, filler panel	\$ 76.00	\$ 24.50
Replace grille assembly and necessary parts	37.05	2.80
Repair hood, replace molding and lock panel	14.20	9.10
Repair radiator core support, straighten		7.00
Repair and align front fenders		14.00
Replace headlights and molding	8.50	5.60
Paint as necessary	5.00	17.50
<b>SUBTOTALS</b>	<b>\$135.75</b>	<b>\$ 80.50</b>
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## LETTERS

### Lieut. Calley (Contd.)

Sir: The trial was fair; the verdict was just. Nixon's response [April 12] was an outrage. When else in the history of American jurisprudence has a man convicted of premeditated murder been set free pending appeal?

PAUL J. GILLETTE  
Carbondale, Pa.

Sir: It does not matter whether Lieut. Calley was guilty or not. When we send our boys to fight and die for us, we should stand behind them come hell or high water. If someone must be tried for a My Lai, then it should be the entire American public and our Government, not the poor devils who thought enough of their country to fight for it and us.

GEORGE F. DARNELL III  
Burlington, N.C.

Sir: If Lieut. Calley is freed by a presidential pardon, it will be the first sign of compassion that Richard Nixon has shown in his 26 months as President. Predictably, it will be for a convicted murderer.

GREG FLEMETH  
Los Angeles

Sir: When the initial reaction to the Calley verdict burst out, I thought for a moment that I was one of a few sane individuals in a vast mental hospital. Surely this man was responsible for his actions toward the enemy, no matter how vile the system that spawned him.

CHRISTIAN Y. WYSE-PRATTE  
Palo Alto, Calif.

Sir: I wrote Lieut. Calley a letter telling him that I am praying that he will soon be free. He fought for me and for all of us in beautiful America. He did what he thought best on the battlefield. He did not burn his draft card or say he was a conscientious objector.

(MRS.) ANNICE I. MASON  
Corpus Christi, Texas

Sir: Your cover titled "Who Shares the Guilt" is the latest of a series of insinuations that really bugs me. I am not about to accept any blame for any of this fiasco. I was against the war to begin with, had no opportunity within the System to halt it, was taxed without a vote to support it and am about to be forced to send two sons to murder and be murdered in it. Let Calley share the guilt with the people who sent him!

LOUISE TEMPLE  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir: You state that there is a "moral trap" in the position that Calley's guilt applies to all. For, as you reason, "if everyone is guilty, no one is guilty or responsible, and the very meaning of morality disintegrates." Christianity teaches that Christ came to forgive our sins. Would you argue that he need not have come, since at that time the whole world was in sin? Since God, not man, secures the meaning of morality, it is possible that we are all morally in the wrong.

WILLIAM CURLEY  
Northfield, Vt.

Sir: We Canadians sometimes find you Americans hard to understand, although we regard you as our best friends.

You write hundreds of letters protesting

a seal hunt, but when your Lieut. Calley goes about shooting women and children, the same Americans try to make a national hero of him.

G.M. MACLACHLAN  
Toronto

Sir: The Calley trial and its aftermath of recriminations, soul searching, protests, etc., must be a good joke to Hanoi leaders, who, without any qualms, have pursued the policy of annihilation of anybody who does not agree with them.

GEORGE MIHALOFF  
San Francisco

### A Long Tradition

Sir: Your account of the Laos Operation Lam Son 719 [April 5] was less emotional and biased than most, until you button up your "report" with the unfair quip citing, as an old Army tradition, "There always is a scapegoat." How would you handle such a failure in leadership? The Army that you tear away at protects your right to do so—and has done so faithfully for almost 200 years.

A.P. CLARK  
Lieutenant General  
Superintendent, U.S.A.F. Academy  
Colorado Springs, Colo.

### Shaken

Sir: Your report on "Blacks" [April 5] shook me off my feet when it said that the demand that the U.S. take the lead in politically and economically isolating South Africa was "unrealistic." Does economic necessity really endear the South African to Americans? Paradoxically, is it not American financiers who helped revitalize South Africa's post-Sharpeville economy? Or is it that Mr. Nixon's Silent Majority might be alienated? South Africa also has a Silent Majority, which unfortunately happens to be black.

JASPER M. MSETEKA  
Lusaka, Zambia

### Home to Roost

Sir: In your fine article about CBS's new series *The American Revolution* [April 5], you neglected to mention the greatest irony concerning the anti-colonial Lord North. Namely, that his ancestral home, Wroxton Abbey, is now a branch of an American university.

SCOTT M. HUME  
Wroxton College  
Fairleigh Dickinson University  
Wroxton, England

### No Fancy Words

Sir: If the killing of unarmed thousands in Dacca [April 5] by the ruthless military machine of West Pakistan is not genocide, then what is? Don't hide behind fancy words implying that it is an internal affair of Pakistan.

AHSAN RAHMAN  
Tunis, Tunisia

Sir: The Pakistanis are bent on exterminating the last living Bengali. The history of the 23 years of Pakistani subjugation of Bangla Desh is clearly indicative of Pakistani attitudes toward Bengalis. The events of the past two months leave no doubts in our minds or the world's mind that Yahya Khan and his Pakistanis

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are willing to use every method of mass extermination in an effort to keep the Bengalis enslaved.

SHAHRYAR AHMAD  
JAMAL RAHMAN  
SHAWKAT HASSAN  
Eugene, Ore.

#### Sand in the Giant's Eyes

Sir: Your survey of Israeli opinion [April 12] points up that a large obstacle to peace in the Middle East is Israeli disrespect for the people who contributed to civilization nearly every technical and scientific innovation between 700 and 1500 A.D. Then the Arabs took a four-century nap. May God help his "chosen people" if the Israelis fail to see the awakening giant who is rubbing the last of the sand from his eyes.

JOHN W. FOSTER  
Manhattan

Sir: The survivors of the "master-race" syndrome seem to be coming down with a touch of the same disease.

(MRS.) ANN WEINBERG  
Brookline, Mass.

Sir: The questions on war and peace cannot be solved on the basis of bravery, laziness, superiority, inferiority or intelligence. Humanism, understanding, lawful rights, integrity and justice are more sound bases for peace.

B. KHOURY  
Cincinnati

#### Saint Who?

Sir: With your article on the discovery of a painting by Rogier van der Weyden [April 5] you have a reproduction of a por-

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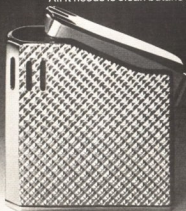


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trait with the title "St. Ivo of Chartres." There seems to be some confusion here. France's Ivo (Yves de Chartres) wrote collections of canon law, but it was St. Yves of Brittany who was the patron saint of lawyers and is renowned for his defense of the poor and for free legal aid to the peasants. He was Yves (sometimes Ives or, in Latin, Ivo) Helory, who was born in 1253 on his father's manor, Kermartin. He was canonized in 1347.

The landscape seen through the window in the portrait might well be the valley of the Guindy River running northeast to its junction with the Jaudy, with Tréguier on the right bank of the Guindy and Plouguenol on the left.

WILLIAM HADLEY RICHARDSON  
Lieut. Colonel, U.S.A. (ret.)  
San Diego

► The identity of the man in the portrait is still a mystery, but Reader Richardson is correct that St. Ivo Helory of Kermartin was known for his defense of the poor. The National Gallery titles the painting "St. Ivo(?)"

### Future Mountains

Sir: The proposal to dump wastes into the oceanic trenches [April 5] merits serious consideration. However, by current hypotheses, sediments overlying these trenches are as apt to be squeezed into mountain ranges as to be buried in the earth's interior. Thus, eons hence, mountaineering expeditions could find themselves planting their flags on the garbage of the 20th century.

ANDREW EATON  
JUDITH REHMER  
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir: We question the efficiency of the geologic process of crustal assimilation to remove large volumes of waste material. The trenches may fill faster than the garbage can be ingested. New islands and reefs of curiously familiar material could be the result. Volcanoes could become smokestacks belching atmospheric pollutants on a scale never before imagined. On the brighter side, organic carbon under such conditions may be converted into huge quantities of diamond.

ERIC CHRISTOFFERSON  
GARY RICHMAN  
Kingston, R.I.

Sir: How humbling for the human race to be able to conceptualize its world as simply a big ball of recycled garbage.

JOSEPH LOMBARDI  
Bowling Green, Ohio

Address Letters to TIME, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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## Meet Lincoln-Mercury's Man of the Month

# Don MacKenzie

If you live or work anywhere in Indianapolis, you know where U.S. 31 and Interstate 465 intersect. Right there, at the crossroads, there's a man and his team we want you to meet. Don MacKenzie is his name! His profession, Mercury and Lincoln automobiles.

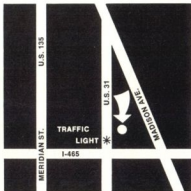
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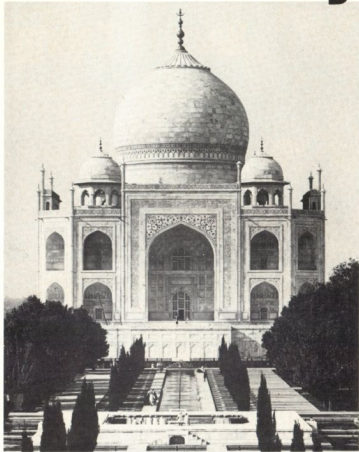
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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

May 3, 1971 Vol. 97, No. 18

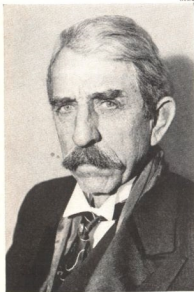
## THE NATION

### AMERICAN NOTES

#### Coming of Age in Vermont

The rest of the U.S. tends to regard northern New Englanders, rather fondly, as staid hardy souls bred in an exacting climate and devoted to the notion that respect is something to be granted only grudgingly after years of character testing. Thus it was something of a surprise that Vermont this month moved more forcefully than any other state to grant its restive young a new equality with their elders. The Vermont legislature became the first to accord 18-year-olds full majority rights.

Beginning in July, Vermont youths will be able at 18 to vote in all elections, buy any alcoholic beverage, marry without parental consent, sign legal contracts, incur debts (and be held accountable for them), inherit estates and be treated as adults by the courts. All these privileges were hitherto reserved for those who had reached the age of 21. The bill was introduced by Vermont's youngest legislator, 24-year-old Representative Kenneth Parker (who in the last election defeated a man 50 years older), and was signed into law by the nation's oldest Governor, Deane C. Davis, 70.



OKLAHOMA'S MURRAY (1932)  
Watchfulness over the conduct.

#### Promoting Less Business

Consolidated Edison is the once imperious power utility that New Yorkers used to call "the company you love to hate." Now it is so beset that even Karl Marx might shed crocodile tears. Crippled by failing machinery, blocked by conservationists in its plans to build allegedly dangerous nuclear power plants, Con Ed can barely meet the city's ever rising power demands.

Last summer the company staged several voltage-cutting "brownouts." Girding for another nervous summer, Con Ed Chairman Charles F. Luce last week rejected the notion that troubled companies need more business. Luce has dropped all Con Ed sales promotion, which had boosted the percentage of new electrically heated housing units in the New York area from 5% to 30%. Con Ed will continue to spend about \$1,000,000 a year for advertising—but it will use some of that money to urge New Yorkers to use as little electricity as possible.

#### Prophetic Profits

Timing, of course, is of the essence in turning a profit on the stock market, and one year later seems a reasonable time to evaluate an investment. It was just a year ago that President Nixon advised a group of businessmen: "Frankly, if I had any money, I'd be buying stocks right now." He looked all wrong a few weeks later as the market fell (TIME, May 25). But today anyone who had invested \$10,000 on Nixon's advice would, calculating on the value of an average share on the New York Stock Exchange, be richer by \$3,003.

#### So What's New?

The tapping of congressional telephones by federal agents can only be a contemporary phenomenon, a creation of the confluence of modern electronics and widespread civic protest. Right? Well, hear Oklahoma Congressman William ("Alfalfa Bill") Murray: "The Secret Service watchfulness over the conduct of the Congressmen and public men began under Theodore Roosevelt and was nearly as bad under Wilson. They had my telephones tapped so long as I was in Congress." The words are from Murray's memoirs; he served in the House from 1913 to 1917.



DEMONSTRATORS SIGNAL

## Protest:

THE Washington march for peace has become a highly ritualized affair—something that an anthropologist might call a "cultic in-gathering," an annual coming together that is part circus, part festival, part political mass meeting. Last week its time came round again, and in balmy spring weather a crowd estimated by police at 200,000—one of Washington's largest ever—streamed down Pennsylvania Avenue to assemble before the west front of the U.S. Capitol. On the same day, in San Francisco, 125,000 demonstrators formed a six-mile parade down Geary Boulevard into Golden Gate Park; they were led by Bob Silva, a 21-year-old Viet Nam veteran, with medals dangling from his sports shirt, who rode in a wheelchair.

**Layer of Despair.** The Washington demonstration was the kind that the cops could have brought their children to; at least one policeman did. Unlike 1969, Government buildings were not guarded by visible contingents of troops last week. The area around Lafayette Square and the White House was not closed off by bumper-to-bumper buses as it was in May 1970. College students, though still the largest single group, seemed proportionately fewer. Teeny-boppers abounded in the crowd. Organized labor took part in greater numbers than before; burly Teamsters acted as marshals around the speakers' platform. In San Francisco as in Washington, the mood of the marchers was discernibly different from the heady optimism of the 1969 Moratorium. Both demonstrations were happily free of violence. But under the spring-picnic good cheer last week was a



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## A Week Against the War

layer of despair, and a distrust of all the considerable evidence that the Administration is winding down the war. In 1969, said David Ithrin, president of the National Student Association, "we came with the sense that the war might end tomorrow." He added: "That feeling isn't here today. We know it's going to go on and on."

**First Objective.** Washingtonians had long since become inured to peace demonstrations, but they had never seen anything quite like the week of antiwar guerrilla theater staged by Viet Nam veterans as a prelude to Saturday's march. The sponsors called it Operation Dewey Canyon III, "a limited incursion into the country of Congress," in mocking echo of official U.S. military jargon. They numbered as many as 1,500 veterans, wearing fatigues with the shoulder patches of the 1st Air Cav, the 101st Airborne, the 1st MarDiv, the 25th Infantry, the Big Red One. They wore long hair and beards and medals: Silver Stars, Bronze Stars, Purple Hearts. Some were missing an arm or a leg; some got about in wheelchairs. They carried squirt guns, cap pistols, toy rifles made by Mattel.

The first objective was Arlington National Cemetery. After a brief memorial service outside the gates, a delegation of three gold star mothers and two veterans was formally denied entrance. One vet tried to charge the gates, shouting: "Those are my brothers in there." Another, furious, threw his plastic M-16 at the gates; it shattered into pieces. A later visit was more successful. Some 300 veterans marched to Arlington single file, five yards apart, dropping

wreaths on a knoll inside the cemetery. As they knelt for a moment of silence, three memorial rifle shots rang out at a nearby funeral and a bugle sounded taps.

One platoon-strength group staged a "search and destroy" raid on the Capitol steps, rounding up a collection of girls in coolie hats, shouting, "Kill the gooks!" and splattering the scene with red paint. Congress was the veterans' chief target. As John Kerry, leader of Dewey Canyon III, won warm applause for his testimony before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations (see box, following page), knots of other veterans buttonholed Senators and Representatives. One constituent of Brooklyn Democrat John Rooney complained: "He gerrymandered me out of his district on the spot." Another group found itself riding the Senate subway with Republican Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, a "hot" hawk, in veterans' parlance. "Boys, we all want this war to end, but we want it to end in an honorable way," Thurmond told them. Chris Jiordano, a one-armed ex-Marine from Philadelphia, replied: "Senator, we ain't got any honor left."

**Uncommon Deference.** At the Pentagon, some 75 veterans showed up to turn themselves in for war crimes. "We all want to be arrested along with Lieut. Calley," said Samuel Schoor, 23, of Los Angeles. Three of them talked with Air Force Brigadier General Daniel ("Chappie") James, who told them: "We don't take American prisoners." Others were turned away from the National Press Building, where they sought to inquire about censorship of war news,



KEN REGAN—CAPTION 3

MICHAEL ABRAHAM



AS VIET VETS DISCARD WAR MEDALS, ONE HURLS CANE

and from the Walter Reed Army Medical Center, where they visited disabled vets in two wards before they were thrown out of a third.

The only arrests during Dewey Canyon III came at the Supreme Court building, where some of the veterans went to ask for a ruling on the constitutionality of the war. Eleven were arrested after one sit-in, though they were quickly freed on \$10 bail each. Another 108 were busted following two hours of singing and chanting on the steps of the Supreme Court building; the charges were soon dropped. Two demonstrators were spared arrest on orders from Washington Police Chief Jerry Wilson, who was on hand. Bill Wyman, 20, who lost both legs when he stepped on a land mine last August, complained from his wheelchair: "I want to go with my brothers. If you are going to take them, take me." Jim Dehlin, another double amputee, likewise went free. "I just won't do it," Wilson said. "I just won't arrest him."

**Convulsed Efforts.** The veterans nearly did not make it to the Mall, owing to the convulsed legal efforts of the Justice Department, which wound up with egg on its face. The week before, department lawyers got a restraining order from U.S. District Court Judge George L. Hart Jr., which forbade the vets to camp out on the Mall. A three-judge panel of the Court of Appeals overruled Hart early last week, but at the Government's request, Chief Justice Warren Burger reinstated the restraining order a day later. Associates of Former Attorney General Ramsey Clark, acting for the protest group, reached agreement with Deputy Attorney General Richard Kleindienst: the veterans could stay—as long as they remained awake and did not set up camp, which the original injunction forbade. John Kerry polled the vets on whether they would defy the in-

junction by sleeping. "California—32 sleep, one awake . . . Virginia—49 awake." The total was 480 to sleep, 400 to stay awake.

The park police were indulgent. "Camping?" asked an officer at 1 o'clock one morning. "I don't see any camping." Finally Government lawyers, presumably having decided that arresting several hundred men who had fought in Viet Nam would be politically un-

wise, went back to Judge Hart and asked him to rescind the injunction. An indignant Hart did so, observing: "The judiciary has been degraded by this whole affair. I don't think it could have been handled worse." He added: "You have put the Viet Nam veterans in a situation of openly defying the courts of this country." Nixon's press secretary, Ron Ziegler, said that the President had not "specifically" asked that the camping ban be lifted—though Nixon had discussed it with his staff and now felt that "the matter has been handled appropriately."

**Glass Eye.** Few incidents during their week of demonstrations enraged the Viet Nam Veterans Against the War as much as did the rumor that President Nixon had said that only 30% of their number were really Viet Nam veterans. Though the White House was quick to deny any such statement, the angry veterans collected proof of service at their campsite on the Mall. Veterans turned in 900 DD-214 forms, which attested to their service in Viet Nam. One vet offered his glass eye as testimony, and another a used return ticket from Viet Nam. The evidence also included 200 piasters, a receipt from the Steam and Cream Massage Parlor in Bien Hoa, a membership card from Madame Binh's Hot Shop Parlor, a *Chieu Hoi* safe-conduct pass for Viet Cong defectors and, of all things, a membership card in the Veterans of Foreign Wars. One upset veteran pushed his way to the microphone

## "Let's Try and Glorify the Living"

*"If the shores of this country were threatened," says John Kerry, 27, a former Navy lieutenant junior grade, "I'd be the first to defend it." In Viet Nam, Kerry commanded a "swift boat" in the Mekong Delta. Before he went to Viet Nam he graduated from Yale, where he belonged to Skull and Bones; while in Viet Nam he won a Silver Star, a Bronze Star and three Purple Hearts. Kerry appeared on NBC's Meet the Press early last week and later before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Some of his rhetoric was exaggerated and irrational, but there was no arguing with the conviction with which he spoke for the marchers.*

**W**E will have marching with us mothers of prisoners of war, mothers of soldiers who have been killed, wives of soldiers who have been killed. We will have Marines coming here, men with no legs, with Navy Crosses, Silver Stars, Purple Hearts, 100% disabled. They are coming here to say to the people of this country, "We have lost our sons, we have lost our husbands. I lost my leg. But the important thing is not that this has happened. Let's not keep killing people to justify my loss. Let's

not glorify the dead. Let's try and glorify the living." And they would say, therefore, don't let it happen to any more people when it doesn't have to. Don't let it happen to someone else.

The country doesn't know it yet, but it has created a monster, a monster in the form of millions of men who have been taught to deal and to trade in violence and who are given the chance to die for the biggest nothing in history; men who have returned with a sense of anger and a sense of betrayal, which no one has yet grasped.

In our opinion, and from our experience, there is nothing in South Viet Nam that threatens the United States of America. To attempt to justify the loss of one American life in Viet Nam, Cambodia or Laos by linking such loss to the preservation of freedom is to us the height of criminal hypocrisy.

Now we are told that the men who fought there must watch quietly while American lives are lost so that we can exercise the incredible arrogance of Vietnamizing the Vietnamese. Each day, to facilitate the process by which the United States washes her hands of Viet Nam, someone has to give up his life



to announce: "Only 30% of us believe Richard Nixon is President."

Operation Dewey Canyon III ended with some 700 of the veterans pausing one by one before a statue of John Marshall in front of the Capitol and hurling at it medals won in Viet Nam. Some dedicated the medals to their dead friends, some to the Vietnamese who have been killed in the war. One said quietly: "I just want to ask for the war to end, please." The politicians had difficulty matching that kind of simple eloquence. Last week six Democratic presidential prospects—Senators Hubert Humphrey, George McGovern, Birch Bayh, Henry Jackson, Harold Hughes and Edmund Muskie—appeared on national television to answer President Nixon's April 7 Viet Nam speech on troop withdrawal; all but Jackson said they favored setting a fixed date for U.S. disengagement.

**Revolutionary Spy.** Before he chopped off to Camp David for the week-end, Nixon crossed 17th Street to Constitution Hall, where he addressed the 80th Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The President praised "two million brave and honorable American men who have fought in Viet Nam," and learned that D.A.R. genealogists had found him eligible for membership in their parallel organization, the Sons of the American Revolution. It seems that George Nixon, an ancestor born in 1752 at Brandywine Hundred in New Castle County, Del., served as a lieutenant in a company of Revolutionary spies.

so that the United States does not have to admit something that the entire world already knows, so that we don't have to say that we made a mistake. Someone has to die so that President Nixon won't be—and these are his words—"the first President to lose a war."

We are asking Americans to think about that because how do you ask a man to be the last man to die in Viet Nam? How do you ask a man to be the last man to die for a mistake?



KERRY AT SENATE COMMITTEE HEARING

BRUCE ROBERTS—RAPHO GUILLOUETTE



INTEGRATED CLASSROOM IN CHARLOTTE, N.C.

## A Supreme Court Yes to Busing

**N**O single word in all the arguments over school integration has inspired as much fear and anger as *busing*. The idea of taking a child out of his own neighborhood to help integrate a school elsewhere outrages many parents. Yet as a practical matter, the bus is an indispensable corrective tool in cities where large areas are predominantly white or black. Thus when President Nixon last year praised the ideal of the neighborhood school and attacked busing, he was in effect suggesting a slow-down of integration—and Southern holdouts acquired new hope for delay. That hope dissolved last week. The U.S. Supreme Court agreed unanimously that transporting pupils to remedy school board-imposed segregation does not violate anyone's constitutional rights.

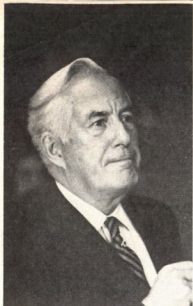
While the court's approval of busing will have the most practical impact, its decisions on four overlapping school cases also gave federal judges wide discretion to use almost any means they consider effective in desegregating dual school systems. Judges may demand the redrawing of school-district boundaries, even creating gerrymandered districts in which children from noncontiguous areas may be assigned to the same schools; they may pair or group schools from racially different neighborhoods and require transfers of students among those schools. They may establish racial quotas for schools, at least as a starting point to remedy past segregation. All of those methods may involve the transportation of children. Ruled the court: "Desegregation plans cannot be limited to the walk-in school."

**Not Equal.** The decision was written by one of President Nixon's own appointees: Chief Justice Warren Burger. His most quotable passages seemed to

acknowledge, but to dismiss Nixon's defense of neighborhood schools. "All things being equal, with no history of discrimination," Burger wrote, "it might well be desirable to assign pupils to schools nearest their homes. But all things are not equal in a system that has been deliberately constructed and maintained to enforce racial segregation. The remedy may be administratively awkward, inconvenient and even bizarre and may impose burdens on some; but all awkwardness and inconvenience cannot be avoided in the interim period when remedial adjustments are being made to eliminate the dual school systems." Noting that about 39% of U.S. schoolchildren have routinely been riding buses, Burger indicated that only when a busing plan required such long rides as "to risk either the health of the children or significantly impinge on the educational process" would the high court find it objectionable.

**Any Way.** The court thus took another decisive step in the 17-year process of federal judicial and Administrative pressure that began with the 1954 decision defining officially sanctioned separate school systems as inherently unequal and thus unconstitutional. It was not until 1968 that the court lost patience with the slow pace of desegregation and gave a curt answer to the question of when it must be completed: "Now." Last week's decision addressed the question of how—and the answer, in effect, was "any way that works."

The specific case that led to the decision involved an order by U.S. District Judge James B. McMillan (see THE LAW) concerning the schools of the Charlotte and Mecklenburg area of North Carolina. The judge had ordered



BURGER

*Inconvenience cannot be avoided.*

1) massive crosstown busing, 2) redrawing of school districts, and 3) a white-to-black ratio in the elementary schools that reflects the existing 71-to-29 racial makeup of the district's enrollment. The Nixon Administration argued that this plan was not constitutionally required, but the Supreme Court upheld it. The court also struck down North Carolina's anti-busing statute. The Justices ordered the use of "all available techniques" to correct persistent segregation in Mobile, Ala., and reversed a Georgia Supreme Court decision blocking voluntary integration efforts in Athens.

**Some Consolation.** Nixon's Justice Department had sided with the arguments of Southern school lawyers, who contended that "excessive" busing was being demanded or that children had a right to attend the schools nearest their homes. It was the third time that the Supreme Court had rejected the Nixon Administration's legal position on school-desegregation issues. While the court, with two Nixon appointees, has turned more conservative on some issues, its reasoning has been so consistent on school issues that the Justice Department has sometimes had difficulty persuading its own lawyers to prepare the Government's cases—cases that have often seemed more political than legal.

The Government could find some consolation in the fact that the court last week agreed that the mere existence of an all-white or all-black school in a previously segregated district does not necessarily mean that the district is in defiance of desegregation rulings. But Burger warned that such situations should be carefully watched by the courts.

Actually, the court angered the South more for something it did not do: it made no attempt to decide whether federal courts should require any similar plans to reverse the rapidly rising trend toward segregated schools in Northern cities. Burger specifically pointed out

that the decision applied only to cases where school officials had, currently or in the past, created or sustained the dual system. The ruling did not cover situations where voluntary neighborhood patterns created racial imbalance in schools, as in much of the North, or even where other official agencies, such as planning boards and housing authorities, helped create or sustain segregated neighborhoods.

That omission caused many responsible Southern officials to complain, with considerable justification, that the nation was following a double racial standard: non-action in the North, stern demands for integration in the South. Georgia Governor Jimmy Carter, who has urged an end to racial discrimination, said that it was "clearly a one-sided decision; the court is still talking about the South; the North is still going free." There was the expected outcry from intransigent segregationists. Alabama Governor George Wallace called the decision "arbitrary, asinine and illogical," and claimed that it is now "legal to bus little children to kingdom come." But one of the affected school officials, Kenneth Schubring, president of Georgia's Clarke County school board, welcomed the decision. "The South," he said, "used to bus to segregate; now we're busing to integrate."

**Explosive Situation.** The court's decision coincided with a new effort in the Senate by a most improbable pair of Democrats—Connecticut's liberal Abraham Ribicoff and Mississippi's conservative John Stennis—to require nationwide school integration. Ribicoff's amendment to an Administration bill appropriating \$1.5 billion to help school districts desegregate would have required all U.S. schools in metropolitan areas to achieve a minimum racial ratio by 1985. This would be done by discarding city and suburban boundaries and requiring each school in the area to have at least half the percentage of black students that the whole region contained.

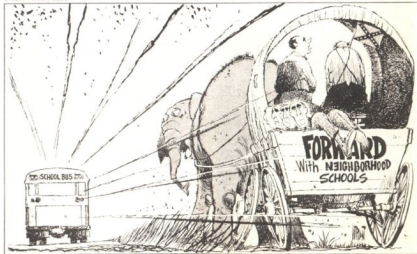
The Stennis amendment more simply would extend school segregation to cover instances of *de facto* as well as *de jure* discrimination.

Arguing that more blacks attend integrated schools in the South than in the North, Ribicoff warned that the U.S. is moving toward *apartheid* as big cities throughout the nation turn increasingly black while suburbs remain white. He charged that Northern liberal politicians were guilty of "hypocrisy" and did not "have the guts to face their liberal white constituents, who have fled to the suburbs for the sole purpose of avoiding having their sons and daughters go to schools with blacks." All of the most likely Democratic presidential candidates voted with Ribicoff as his plan was defeated 51 to 35. The Senate later adopted the Stennis proposal—as it had a year ago—by a vote of 44 to 34. Its fate in the House is uncertain.

**Forced Hand.** Both the Senate debate and the Supreme Court decision served as reminders that racial friction still sharply divides the nation. President Nixon's negative stance against strong federal action may be politically popular North and South, but the courts still insist on immediate action as a matter of law. Some 50 school cases in the South were awaiting the Supreme Court's decision and may now be quickly processed by federal judges. Two cases directly involving Northern-style segregation are at the high court's door.

The President's hand is fast being forced, and his Justice Department may be required to become more active in dispensing justice well before he faces reelection. But in the wake of last week's decision, Nixon merely authorized his press secretary to offer the bland observation that Administration officials "will continue to carry out their statutory responsibilities." That does not have the ring of strong presidential leadership on one of the nation's most agonizing and enduring domestic crises.

WEEKLY NEWS



"When I hired Warren Burger he told me he'd never driven a bus in his life."



MUSKIE AT MAYORS' CONFERENCE

## Facing Up to the Indecisiveness Issue

**R**IGHT after the congressional elections last November, Richard Nixon surveyed the political terrain and told his intimates that Senator Edward Kennedy would most likely be the Democratic candidate for President in 1972. But what of Maine's Edmund Muskie? "The George Romney of the Democratic Party," Nixon scoffed. In 1967, Romney blew an early lead among the Republican contenders by appearing dimwitted when he confessed to having been "brainwashed" about Viet Nam. Now Republicans publicly and Democratic rivals privately are in full cry after Muskie for what might seem to be a similarly fatal failing: indecisiveness.

In some of his political speeches these days, Spiro Agnew has a laugh line that goes like this: "I guess you've heard that Senator Muskie has taken a firm position on a major issue. He has set Dec. 31 as the deadline for the end of the year." The Administration's plan, reports Conservative Columnist Kevin Phillips (*The Emerging Republican Majority*), "is to hold Muskie's chameleon-like indecision and issue-flipping up to the spotlight—and even to ridicule."

Muskie has a problem, but Phillips defined it badly. The difficulty, which could become a serious impediment to his candidacy, is that Muskie often gets in his own way when he tries to explain himself. It is not that he says one thing in one place and another elsewhere. Once he has made up his mind, he normally sticks to his view, though like any reasonable man he can alter his stand to fit new information or circumstances. Where he goes wrong most often is in failing to communicate his views plainly.

Muskie's style is inconsistent. He can be very prim, exuding down-East caution and a lawyer's precision as he quibbles over the exact meaning of something that he has said earlier. On more

relaxed occasions, he can be candid to the point of naïveté and sloppy in his expression. That variation in the manner of Muskie's answers baffles even his friends; the seeming contradictions in the substance of what he says have made him vulnerable to attack. Pros within his own party believe that Muskie should make his positions plainer.

Among the several issues on which Muskie has sometimes made himself look awkward:

**THE MIDEAST.** In Israel's Golan Heights, captured from Syria in the 1967 war, Muskie answered a kibbutznik's question about that disputed territory by saying: "If I were in your shoes, I would hold on." Was that a pro-Israeli statement? Did that not differ from U.S. policy? In fact, Muskie was impulsively expressing sympathy for the plight of those Israelis. Diplomatic blunder? Yes. Indecisiveness? No.

**THE SALT TALKS.** After a conversation with Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin, Muskie said on a television show that he had told the Russian leader that he and his colleagues in Congress were trying to cut back U.S. arms spending—and that many Americans do not share President Nixon's views on dealing with the Soviet Union. Undercutting the SALT talks and undermining U.S. foreign policy? No, said Muskie, he was simply talking as a "private citizen." The ploy is familiar: Richard Nixon used it when he hobnobbed with world leaders on a 1967 swing, ostensibly as a lawyer representing the *Reader's Digest*. The fact is that there are no private citizens on presidential campaign trails. Score one for agility, not indecision.

**REVENUE SHARING.** While Muskie has favored revenue sharing, one news report said that he had shifted his position when he told a gathering of mayors

that he did not back Nixon's plan. Muskie's people insist that he has consistently approved the principle of sharing, and that what he was trying to tell the mayors was that Nixon's scheme has little chance in Congress. This time Muskie failed to say what he meant with precision.

**TROOPS IN EUROPE.** A year ago Muskie backed a plan to withdraw American troops from Europe; after a trip there in January, he confessed that he was "re-thinking" his position. While Muskie has not changed his stand, he is looking it over in the light of his conversations with West German Chancellor Willy Brandt—who argues that a U.S. pullout would weaken his *Ostpolitik*. A flipflop? Perhaps, or perhaps only a legitimate reconsideration prompted by an altered situation.

**VIET NAM.** In January 1966, after visiting Indochina, Muskie warned against further escalation and urged negotiations to end the war. Thereafter he privately pressed President Johnson to stop bombing North Viet Nam—but backed the 1968 Democratic majority plank on the war, a politically motivated step that he is not proud of. A year later he called for "orderly" U.S. withdrawal. In 1971 Muskie at first refused for technical reasons to support the McGovern-Hatfield amendment demanding a complete U.S. pullout by the end of 1971; having received considerable pressure, he now supports the amendment. The Republican national chairman, Senator Robert Dole of Kansas, calls Muskie a "political Rip van Winkle" on the war. Clearly a case of indecision or soul searching, but few U.S. politicians can claim a consistent position on Viet Nam.

In other areas, Muskie has a strong record—for example, legislation on clean air and water, urban redevelopment, civil rights and antipoverty. And he is increasingly sensitive to the decisiveness issue. In what appears to be part of a conscious design to show himself to be forthright, he publicly endorsed last weekend's antiwar rally in Washington. Earlier he fired a formidable salvo at the FBI, accusing the G-men of conducting widespread surveillance of last year's Earth Day demonstrations against pollution. "If antipollution rallies are a subject of intelligence concern," Muskie asked, "is anything immune?" (In fact, the Department of Justice insists that the FBI sent agents to only four Earth Day rallies.)

The task of the front runner is to avoid boring the electorate with a drumfire of statements that he may later regret—while remaining in view. Muskie must also steer clear of the Romney trap: disputes with the press over what he did or did not say. Otherwise reporters will be dusting off the old ROMNEY key on their typewriters—the one, the Washington gag has it, that prints at one stroke: "Governor Romney later explained that what he really meant was . . ." That could be the end of presidential hopes, and Muskie knows it.



## FOREIGN AID A Plan to Streamline

Richard Nixon's oft-stated goals for his presidency are to leave his mark on foreign affairs and to introduce the best management techniques of the flow chart and the board room to the workings of Government. Last week he sent Congress an 8,000-word program aimed at achieving the best of both goals. It proposes an ambitious reorganization of foreign aid that would create a military aid setup to underwrite the Nixon Doctrine while turning economic development funds over to a new International Development Corporation. Closely tailored to the recommendations of a presidential commission headed by Rudolph Peterson, the plan could result in a more streamlined, utilitarian foreign aid program that would strengthen allies—militarily and economically—with limited American involvement. The reorganization would:

**GIVE THE ADMINISTRATION** greater flexibility in dispensing arms and military grants abroad. Nixon's proposed International Security Assistance Act would loosen the credit requirements for some favored nations seeking U.S. arms through sales, surplus grants and direct money aid. The \$1.99 billion program—part of a foreign aid package totaling \$3.2 billion—would be administered by a single coordinator at the State Department, although the White House would exercise supervision through the National Security Council and the Council on International Economic Policy. The new proposal emphasizes hardware instead of supporting troops, and would, the White House hopes, lead to reduced American commitments overseas under the Nixon Doctrine.

**CREATE AN INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT** Corporation to direct—in cooperation with the Overseas Private Investment Corporation and the Inter-American Social Development Institute—all U.S. economic development programs abroad. Certain to meet opposition in Congress, the plan would abolish the Agency for International Development, eventually close its foreign missions and bring home more than 4,000 AID employees now overseas. The corporation would work, instead, through international development bodies like the World Bank. Funnelling aid through multinational organizations would free the United States from carrying the full burden of development aid and ease the client-patron hostilities that have crippled some aid projects. A technical-assistance institute would fill the vacuum in technical assistance left by the dismantling of AID missions.

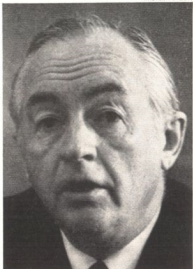
One innovation calls for three-year funding of economic and technical assistance programs. Congress has rejected long-term appropriations proposals in the past on the grounds that they would vest the Executive Branch with too much back-door, discretionary power in doling out aid. This argument is likely to

be heard again from a Congress determinedly asserting its foreign prerogatives. Even so, Nixon's proposal offers smoother organization and some long-needed overhauls in the kind and tone of American foreign aid.

## FOREIGN RELATIONS Beyond Protocol in Greece

The U.S. State Department has been moderately frigid in its dealings with the militarist dictatorship of Premier George Papadopoulos in Greece. Only last week Assistant Secretary of State Joseph Sisco publicly regretted the lack of sufficient progress toward a return to a constitutional government. But a few days later Secretary of Commerce

WALTER DENNETT



STANS  
On his own.

Maurice Stans flew into Athens and warmly embraced the regime.

Noting that nine high Greek officials had turned out to attend a luncheon in his honor at the Hotel Grande Bretagne, Stans told them that he considered this "a compliment to me and a compliment to the Government of the United States and to the wonderfully close relations that exist today between our two countries." Moreover, he said that U.S. business executives "greatly appreciate Greece's attitude toward American investment" and the "sense of security" it is giving them.

When Greek newspapers bannered Stans' praise, the Commerce Secretary told reporters that he did not speak for the State Department and that he did not disagree with its attitude toward Greece. The conclusion in Washington was that no one had asked Stans to signal a significant shift in U.S. diplomatic relations with Papadopoulos. Stans, going beyond the bounds of protocol or policy, was on his own—and might well find his reception on his return to Washington somewhat chillier than his welcome in Athens.

## THE FBI Of Hoover and Clark

Democratic congressional leaders were still hard at work last week trying to keep alive the surveillance issue surrounding J. Edgar Hoover and his bureau. In a speech delivered at Lewis-St. Francis College in Lockport, Ill., Senator George McGovern accused the FBI of attempting to "destroy the career" of a Trans World Airlines pilot who had criticized the bureau's handling of the 1969 Minichiello hijacking case. Darning the FBI as the "Federal Bureau of Intimidation," the Senator said: "Despite Mr. Nixon's words, I cannot believe that he can any longer with a straight face profess his confidence in Mr. Hoover." In fact, the mounting campaign against Hoover has probably forced the White House to defend the FBI chief at a time when it privately would have welcomed his resignation.

**Revelations.** Still the most vocal of the Democrats was the man who touched off the controversy, House Majority Leader Hale Boggs of Louisiana. Three weeks ago, Boggs accused the bureau of wiretapping. Last week, having promised corroborating evidence, Boggs steamed into the fray. On the House floor he insisted during an impassioned, hour-long speech that his contention was true and went on to intimate that electronic surveillance devices may have been used against other Administration critics, among them former Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon, Republican Senator Charles Percy of Illinois and Democrat Bill Bayh of Indiana.

Despite the incandescence of his rhetoric, Boggs did not offer substantive evidence, but said only that a telephone company investigator had told him that his line had been tapped. Another telephone company spokesman, Fred Langbein, said, however, that he had checked Boggs' phone at the time and that there had been no evidence of wiretapping. (Langbein noted that the phone company had handed over a record of Boggs' long-distance calls to the Justice Department under subpoena in a case involving a Government contract scandal.)

Republican critics were ready for Boggs. He was attacked by Congressman Lawrence Hogan of Maryland, a former FBI agent. Hogan charged that Boggs had "failed completely" to produce any proof. Nonetheless, Boggs' speech contributed to the growing impetus in Washington for an investigation of the nation's premier investigators.

"Possibly." Ironically, there is a sub-dispute revolving around former Attorney General Ramsey Clark, one of Hoover's most severe critics. A devoted advocate of liberal causes, Clark must now contend with embarrassing revelations concerning some of his actions as Attorney General. In a 1967 memorandum to Hoover, reports TIME Correspondent Sandy Smith, Clark urged FBI investigators to "use the maximum available resources, investigative and intelligence,"





RAMSEY CLARK

*Contending with embarrassment.*

to determine whether conspiracies had triggered rioting in urban ghettos. The memo also said: "As a part of the broad investigation which must necessarily be conducted . . . sources or informants in Black Nationalist organizations, S.N.C.C. [Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee] and other less publicized groups should be developed and expanded to determine the size and purpose of these groups and their relationship to other groups, and also to determine the whereabouts of persons who might be involved in instigating riot activity in violation of federal law."

In an interview with *TIME*'s Smith last week, Clark conceded that he had authorized FBI investigations that, as he put it, "possibly" or "sometimes" included surveillance of black militants and political dissidents. "But not in unlawful ways," he added. "Not standing on campuses and listening to people. The FBI has always denied doing that, and I believe them."

## CITIES

### Limited Liability

Every year, come budget time, New Yorkers are maltreated to a stogy, depressingly familiar contest between Mayor John Lindsay and Governor Nelson Rockefeller. The mayor more or less threatens to shut down New York City for good unless he gets more money. The Governor responds with sympathetic noises about how he would like to help, but what can a fella do? Then somehow the two, with the reluctant assistance of the state legislature, manage to scrape together enough money to keep the city operating at its usual siege level.

This year the wails from city hall are more plaintive than ever, and with good reason. Amid inflation, recession, dizzying union demands and the largest payroll and welfare rolls in the nation, the city has lost \$500 million in services because of cutbacks made by the

conservative state legislature. Lindsay's first riposte was to lay off 2,800 employees, most of them temporary or part-time. Then he took cool aim at Albany and fired. Unless there was a drastic restoration of cuts in city funds and a sufficient extension of the city's taxing powers to provide an additional \$880 million this year, Lindsay warned, he would be forced to discharge 90,000 employees, or nearly 25% of the city's payroll of 380,000.

**Pinch the Poor.** Lindsay buttressed his appeal to the Governor with what he called four budget options, a kind of fiscal edition of a Chinese menu. The most draconian assumes no restoration of aid or new city taxes; it would call for, besides the elimination of 90,000 jobs, the closing of eight city hospitals, not admitting a freshman class next fall at the City University of New York, and eliminating almost all city-sponsored cultural and recreational services. From there the mayor's options become increasingly more palatable until Option 4, a utopian dream that has the state restoring all budget cuts, increasing aid in an amount proportionate to the \$400 million increase the city received last year, and allowing the city a full new tax package.

Most observers feel that a compromise will be reached between Option 3, the "ground zero" no-change budget, and the fairly nightmarish Option 2. This option would see 50,000 jobs cut, with 12,000 hospital workers and 11,000 policemen leading the list, five hospitals and more than 20 drug-treatment centers closed, and an end to open enrollment at the City University, which exiting Chancellor Albert Bowker says would in effect close the university. The list underscores the obvious: it is the city's poor who will most feel the pinch of declining services.

There may be a touch of bluff in Mayor Lindsay's course of action, but precious little. "This is for real," said

PAUL CONKLIN



MAYOR LINDSAY  
*Plaintive wails.*

the mayor. "The problem is much worse than it's ever been before." His budget director, Edward Hamilton, backed him up. In the first place, Hamilton points out, state and federal aid to the city will not increase as much as in the past; also, the city has just about run out of items it can tax.

The city's tax base has been drastically narrowed as industry and the affluent continue their flight to the suburbs (*TIME*, April 26). The lone remaining source of revenue that the city has yet to take advantage of is an authorized auto-use tax of \$10 per car, which, if the city council approves, will net the city another \$15 million. A bit-sweet city hall gag goes: "We've taxed everything that moves and everything that stands still."

**Parched Treasury.** Lindsay is pinning his major hopes on state legislative action that would allow him to sharply increase a tax on commuters' income earned in the city. Such a measure would pour about \$500 million into the city's parched treasury. His plan had better work, because Governor Rockefeller is not likely to be of much help. The same day Lindsay made his plea, Rockefeller's budget officials announced that the state was dismissing 8,250 employees, many of them in key health programs.

Still, help may be forthcoming from the Federal Government. In answer to President Nixon's broad proposals for welfare reform, the House Ways and Means Committee, headed by Democrat Wilbur Mills, is currently preparing a \$4.2 billion welfare package. It would

DENNIS BRACK—BLACK STAR



GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER  
*Sympathetic noises.*

freeze state and local "adult" welfare costs (aid to aged, blind and disabled) at 90% of their present level or lower. The Governors and mayors hope that a similar measure will be passed to cut costs on the massive Aid to Families with Dependent Children program. Federal funds would take up further increases in costs, giving the staggering cities of the U.S. a form of limited liability.

## A Time for Planting in Illinois

*"Burn down your cities and leave our farms," William Jennings Bryan once said, "and your cities will spring up again as if by magic, but destroy our farms and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in the country." Amid tales of urban blight, the U.S. may find solace in the enduring, seemingly endless reach of its fecund farmland. The nation is still sustained by the richest bounty of produce on earth, and it is sowing time again. TIME Correspondent Frank Merrick last week visited Erv Walters' farm in northern Illinois. His report:*

**E**RV WALTERS is an archetypal American farmer: rugged, sinewy, industrious and forthright. He has spent nearly every one of his 51 springs working the rich Midwest land. In 1941 he and

Like so many successful American farmers, Erv is actually cash poor. "The city people think we get real rich," he says, "but I've worked many a year and not earned a nickel." He gave up dairy farming years ago because that requires extra hands, and hands cost goodly sums of hard cash. "When you're a farmer," his son Dick points out, "you never have any money in your pocket until you retire and sell out, because it's all invested. We get paid every few months, while a hired man would have to be paid every week and earn as much as he would in industry." Erv readily admits that sons are as important as they ever were in working the land. Without sons who can be persuaded to stay down on the farm, a farmer simply goes out of business when he gets too old to handle the chores himself—as is

FRED SCHWELL



WALTERS & SONS ON THEIR FARM

*No longer a simple communion of man, plow and earth.*

his wife Lucille came to Illinois from their native Wisconsin with, as he proudly recalls, "nothing more than the clothes on our backs and \$500 in cash." They have been remarkably successful. Together with his sons Dick, 28, and Dan, 24, Walters now owns 765 acres of prime farmland around the towns of Hebron and Woodstock; today the land is valued at more than \$1,000 an acre. Three homes, three barns, five machinery sheds, three feed lots and a dozen silos stand about the spread. Throw in a rumbling squadron of assorted machinery—tractors, trucks, combines and related equipment—plus the cattle and hogs Erv and his sons are fattening for market, plus the \$100,000 worth of planting costs. Add it all up and the Walters appear to be worth about \$1 million. Erv Walters wryly notes, "I and the bank own quite a lot."

happening to two of Erv's neighbors. Also, inflation does not stop at the city limits. The Walters receive the same price for their crops that they did in 1953 (though livestock prices are now higher), but a tractor that cost \$2,300 then now costs \$10,000.

One consequence is that farmers like Walters have adopted some basic corporate principles: efficiency and diversification. This year the Walters will use their own and additional rented land to plant 1,000 acres of corn, 400 of soybeans and the remainder in hay and oats. Over the year they will fatten 800 cows and 1,500 hogs for market. Says Dick Walters: "If one thing fails, you have an opportunity to balance out your loss." Walters' crop mix is typical. He usually grows corn on a particular field for two years, then

switches to soybeans for a year. Gone is the ritual slopping of hogs; Erv's animals are fed carefully calibrated mixtures of corn and protein automatically through ducts that connect his silos with the feeding troughs. Absent too are some of the more familiar animals, such as horses and chickens. They are no longer profitable. As son Dan pitifully sums it up: "If it don't pay, we don't have it."

All of this makes contemporary farming something more than a bucolic communion of man, plow and earth. Says Erv: "A farmer these days has to be a good buyer and seller—that's the important thing. But he must also be an electrician, soil analyst and veterinarian. If he isn't, he's sunk." Each winter Erv and his sons attend courses in nearby towns given by the Extension Service and firms that try to keep farmers abreast of advancing farm technology. Lately Walters has added the omnipresent computer to his list of farm aids. For \$80 a year a computer firm analyzes the Walters' operations, comparing them with those of equivalent farmers.

Still, the love and feel of the land, not to mention its daily demands, are eternal verities. "Book learning might teach you the basics," Erv says, "but you've got to have the experience. You need to have little things in the back of your mind—what to do about a sick animal, what to do if the weather changes—and these things aren't there unless you grow up with them." And, he might add, work with them ceaselessly. During planting time Erv rolls out of bed at 4:30 a.m., dons heavy green coveralls against the morning chill and tends to the barn chores before the cock crows. After breakfast at 6, he clambers into the enclosed cab of his 100-horsepower, red-and-white Farmall tractor and chugs into the field he will plow that day. Dinner at noon, supper at 6, then back into the fields to work by the light of his tractor's headlights until 9:30 p.m.

When planting is over around early June, Erv will take a badly needed fishing trip up to Michigan. The rest of the summer will be spent cleaning barns and attending stock sales; winter will be devoted to classes and machinery repair. There will be regular Saturday night dances ("Lucille and I would rather dance than eat," Erv grins), but mostly Erv's year will be a day-to-day battle just to stay even. Then it will be spring again, and time for planting. It is an exhausting and relentless cycle, but that is the way men like Erv Walters prefer it. "We aren't making much money," he muses. "We just farm because that's what we want to do."

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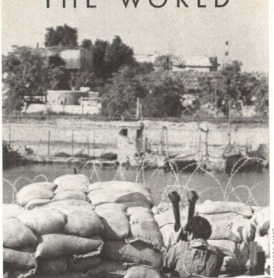
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SADAT



ISRAELI FORTIFICATION ALONG THE SUEZ CANAL



ROGERS

## Mission to the Middle East

WE believe there is an exceptional opportunity that must not be missed," said Secretary of State William Rogers in Washington last week. "The climate will never be better." With these words, Rogers announced that in early May he will make his first official visit to the Middle East, traveling to Egypt, Jordan, Lebanon, Saudi Arabia and Israel. The State Department insisted that Rogers' visit would not commit U.S. prestige to the intricate task of finding acceptable solutions. Even so, the presence of a Secretary of State in the Middle East for the first time since John Foster Dulles visited there in 1953 puts pressure on the U.S. to help bring about some kind of results.

Rogers was instrumental in working out last year's cease-fire that stilled the fighting along the Suez Canal. There is a glimmer of hope that he may be able to find another compromise solution this time. Egyptians are frustrated over the lack of progress following President Anwar Sadat's major initiative of three months ago, in which he agreed to recognize Israeli sovereignty in return for the withdrawal of Israeli troops from occupied Egyptian territory. Cairo's last week also were angry that Israel has, in effect, decided to annex the strategic former Egyptian fortification of Sharm el Sheikh by building "an urban settlement" there (see box next page). For their part, Israelis are concerned by an important increase in Soviet arms shipments to the Middle East. They are especially worried that recent deliveries include the latest Soviet weaponry and aircraft, which are so sophisticated that they must be operated by Russians. That implies a deepening Soviet involvement in the Middle East. When the Israelis celebrate their 23rd independence day this

week, they will exhibit arms of their own, including U.S.-supplied helicopters, self-propelled guns and amphibious armored personnel carriers. Also on display will be 240-mm. Russian rocket launchers that were captured during the 1967 Six-Day War and can lay down in twelve seconds a barrage of twelve shells within a radius of 150 yds. at a range of seven miles.

**Israeli Pullback.** During his visit, Rogers is likely to concentrate on trying to find a solution to what currently appears to be the least baffling issue between Israel and Egypt: the reopening of the Suez Canal, which has been closed since the Six-Day War. Sadat has proposed that Israeli troops pull back from the canal as the first phase in the general Israeli withdrawal called for by the U.N. and that Egyptian troops take up positions on the east bank. In return, Egypt would agree to a formal renewal of the Suez cease-fire, which expired March 7 but has fortunately remained in effect. Sadat promised that once the canal was reopened, Israeli vessels would be allowed to pass through.

Last week Israel finally gave its "general views" on the question to the U.S. Israel is not prepared to meet Sadat's insistence that it should pull back its troops to a line midway in the Sinai, which extends from El Arish to Sharm el Sheikh. Nor is Israel willing to talk about Suez in terms of a first step in a larger withdrawal unless it first receives guarantees of peace from the Arabs.

But Israel did offer, in return for an end of belligerence, to pull back its troops from the Bar-Lev line on the canal's east bank. The Israelis did not specify how far back they were prepared to withdraw, but one unofficial suggestion was to a point, about ten miles from

Suez, that would allow observation and artillery coverage of the canal to thwart any troop crossing. Under these conditions, the Israelis could easily cope with an Egyptian landing, but they would face a far more dangerous situation if a Soviet contingent crossed the canal. Direct Soviet intervention on the ground seems highly unlikely, but the Israelis will probably want U.S. guarantees just in case.

Egypt has not yet formally received the Israeli views. Even so, it complained last week that Israel's terms had the ring of a permanent and limited settlement. That would negate the sense of Sadat's entire proposal, which is intended as a first step toward a larger settlement. Hard-liners in Cairo, moreover, insisted that the U.S. remain committed to helping only Israel. Sadat's party press has warned him not to be too conciliatory toward either Washington or Jerusalem.

It was to appease this hard-line faction, and to hedge against unsuccessful peace talks, that Sadat last week made a gesture toward militant Arab unity; at a Benghazi meeting, he decided to form a new Union of Arab Republics composed of Egypt, Libya and Syria. The members will be pledged to joint defense and will also have the right to intervene in the affairs of the other states to prevent a *coup d'état*. The three nations and their 42 million people are ultimately supposed to have one President, one flag, one military command and, of course, one enemy: Israel.

**Libyan Gain.** The amalgamation is an obvious gain in stature for Libya's flamboyant Colonel Muammar Gaddafi. The proposed union may also help Syrian Strongman Hafez Assad, who now may be able as a partner to collect some of the \$24 million in Libyan oil

revenues that Gaddafi grandly promised Syria last fall. There appears, however, to be little advantage in confederation for Egypt, which has been trying to relax its pan-Arabism somewhat in order to concentrate on progress at home. Egypt will receive little military assistance from Libya. Of 110 French Mirages being sold to Gaddafi, only four have been delivered so far. Last week France warned Libya that further shipments will be embargoed if any Libyan Mirages are used against Israel.

Past experience indicates that the confederation has an unpromising future. Sarcastic Israeli diplomats called the new proposed grouping "the Federation

of Arab Opportunists." Ironically, the announcement of the new partnership came on the eighth anniversary of the United Arab Republic, which was to have linked Egypt, Syria and Iraq. That undertaking lasted less than four months before the partners split up.

**Arabs' Praise.** In view of Egypt's obvious interest in Suez Canal negotiations, the surprising note in Benghazi was the saber-rattling declaration that the three members of the Union of Arab Republics would continue the war against Israel and even reopen the long-quiet eastern front. Visiting Cairo last week, TIME Senior Editor Ron Kriss received an explanation from Egyptian Deputy

Foreign Minister Salah Gohar of what such declarations mean. "When Arabs argue," said Gohar, one of the main architects of Egypt's diplomatic strategy, "they start on opposite sidewalks and shout at one another, 'I will carve you into pieces!' and 'You'll never see another sunset!' Then, after ten or 15 minutes, they walk away and nobody gets hurt. This the Israelis don't realize." Rogers is hardly likely even to try to convince the Israelis of such a benign view of Arab bluster. Nonetheless, many Arabs last week welcomed Rogers' impending visit. Beirut's *Al Anwar* daily praised him as "one of the few Americans who have not succumbed to Zionist myopia."

## Sharm el Sheikh: A Nice Place to Live

Located at the tip of the Sinai Peninsula and commanding the passage to the Gulf of Aqaba, Sharm el Sheikh is sand-blown, sunbaked and heavy with symbolism and strategic significance. It played a major part in the events leading to the Six-Day War. At that time, Gamal Abdel Nasser threatened that Egyptian artillery at Sharm el Sheikh would sink any ship that ventured into the narrow Straits of Tiran en route to the Israeli port of Eilat, 130 miles to the north, which handles all of Israel's oil imports. Soon afterward, Israeli paratroopers and amphibious forces captured the fortifications. In the 1956 Sinai campaign, the Israelis took and then returned Sharm el Sheikh; this time they intend to keep it, even though it is their most remote occupied territory. Last week, in the first official step toward altering the area's status, an Interior Ministry representative was dispatched from Jerusalem to change the identification cards of residents and list Sharm el Sheikh as their official Israeli home. TIME Correspondent Marlin Levin was there and sent this report:

**M**y first trip to Sharm el Sheikh was in 1956 in a military DC-3. We came in for a hard landing on a makeshift airstrip. There were no roads and no inhabitants. The only man-made attractions were two British-built naval guns that had been spiked by retreating Egyptians. This time, my Arkia Viscount made the flight from Tel Aviv in 70 minutes and glided to a powder-puff landing on a hard-topped runway long enough to accommodate a Boeing 707.

A tourist bus took passengers on a ten-minute ride over a newly paved macadam road to the Caravan Hotel, Sharm el Sheikh's year-old 350-bed caravansary. Before we started, the bus driver turned to a young man. "Nu, buddy," he said, "where are you going without a ticket?" The man paid the 40-cent fare and said, "Take me downtown." At that the driver smiled. "Downtown? This isn't Tel Aviv—yet." Certainly not, judging from a first look at the treeless



BULDOZING SITE FOR NEW HOTEL AT SHARM EL SHEIKH

landscape, flat stretches of fine reddish gravel, and cone-shaped peaks of the bleak Sinai range. But the driver's yet was indicative. Small red surveyor's penants are everywhere along the road.

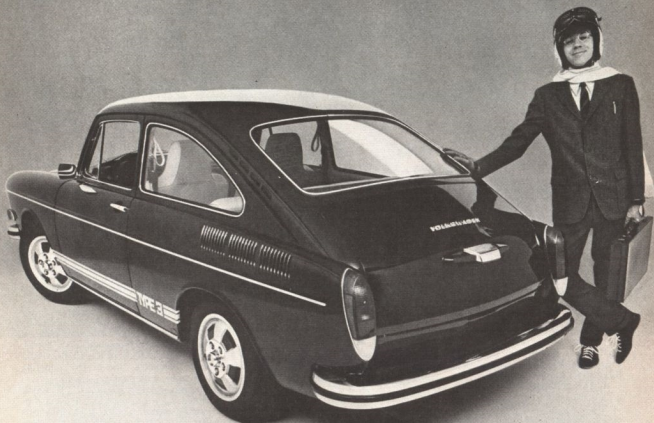
The present civilian population is about 500, nearly all male. Of these, 100 are construction workers who have been building military installations and a new road to Eilat. "We're here if they want us to build houses too," says Supervisor Avraham Calev. Some of his workers have already joined the waiting list for government-supplied housing. One, Avraham Freedman, mused about the future. "Look at the lights shining on the Caravan Hotel," he said. "It's almost like Chicago." I saw only one string of lights, but Freedman was sincere. "Trust the Israelis; one day it will be like Hollywood here."

Rumors in Sharm el Sheikh are that construction of private housing will begin in three or four months. Among the 180 families who have signed up so far are Herzl and Judith Frizner, who emigrated to Palestine from Germany 33 years ago and now run the lone gas station in Sharm el Sheikh. "What's so bad here?" asks Mrs. Frizner. "It's quiet, and we have contentment like you can get nowhere else. I'd just like to see a few shops."

Shops will be built eventually, along with a refrigeration plant, laundry, bakery, and five additional hotels. There is talk of constructing a shopping center under a Buckminster Fuller geodesic dome which would be air-conditioned to offset temperatures that reach 125°. Another problem to be overcome is the water shortage. Yehoshua Shapiro, the Caravan Hotel manager, who wears a jacket, tie and cuff links in spite of the heat, says: "We get our water by tank truck from a military desalination plant down the road. If the tanker breaks down, we're in trouble." Even so, Shapiro intends to settle permanently in Sharm el Sheikh. So do many of his staff. When I asked my waiter what was missing, he thought, smiled and answered: "Pollution."

I flew back to Tel Aviv with Dov Friedman, manager of the local office of Israel's Egged bus cooperative. Friedman, who recently planted the settlement's first two trees, was returning for a brief visit with his family. "Strategically, this is Israel's neck," said he, offering a typical Israeli view on the importance of the place. "If we ever leave, the Arabs will choke us. If we decide that we have got to keep Sharm el Sheikh, it is only logical that we populate and develop it. That's our way."





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CROWDS ON A BUSY SHANGHAI STREET

## China: More Signals

AS the American table tennis team jetted home from China last week, their trip was still causing reverberations among U.S. adversaries and allies alike. A somewhat shaken Soviet diplomat offered TIME a dyspeptic view of the whole affair: "Mao invites a bunch of your Ping Pong players, and Chou offers them lemonade, rice cookies and a free trip to the Chinese wall. Mao could not have made a better public relations move even if he had denounced his own sayings and told the world he was Mr. Henry Ford's secret business partner. This is not foreign policy. It just shows that Mr. Mao also knows something about Madison Avenue."

In Tokyo, Japanese businessmen saw a hidden meaning in the fact that some of the U.S. team members had corporate ties, especially their leader, Graham Steenhoven, a Chrysler personnel supervisor. Convinced that Steenhoven carried secret orders to clinch a business deal with Peking, Japanese automakers telexed their U.S. offices to find out everything possible about him. Told that he was not listed among Chrysler's top executives, they cabled again: "Impossible, look harder."

**Dismissed Dissents.** The sudden anxiety created abroad by the table tennis team's visit was mirrored at home by an unexpected dissenter: Vice President Spiro Agnew. Attending the Republican Governors' Conference at Williamsburg last week, Agnew summoned nine reporters to a late-night off-the-record chat and argued that the Administration was moving too fast in welcoming Peking's overtures, which he viewed as an easy propaganda victory for China and one, moreover, that undercut Taiwan. After his views leaked out, Agnew aides denied that there was any disagreement between the Vice President and his boss—though clearly there had been. If Agnew hoped to gain politically, he had badly misread the mood of the nation, which heavily favored Nixon's steps toward *détente* with

China. The conservative *Detroit News*, for instance, which normally supports Agnew, dismissed his dissent as the "nihilism of a know-nothing nabob."

**Miss Universe?** Meantime the delicate business of diplomatic signaling continued. Secretary of State William Rogers took pains to underscore the Administration's official attitude to Premier Chou En-lai's comment that a "new page" had been opened in Sino-American relations. Said Rogers: "We would hope that it becomes a new chapter." President Nixon pointedly called in Team Leader Steenhoven to congratulate him on his role in the affair. Steenhoven himself waited until he was home in Detroit to announce the next step, an American tour "in the near future" by a Chinese table tennis team.

Reflecting an upsurge of interest by Americans in the new China, other invitations poured into Peking. The New England Amateur Athletic Association invited China to send athletes to the Holycroft, Mass., Marathon on June 6. Chinese competitors were asked to join in everything from the U.S. Open tennis championships to the Miss Universe contest. United Air Lines, somewhat precipitously, applied to the Civil Aeronautics Board for permission to fly to Canton, Shanghai and Peking.

For many Americans, the transition from enmity to warmth on the part of Peking came almost too suddenly to absorb. As NBC's John Rich put it, after traveling with the table tennis team in China, "It made me feel a bit strange, having just come out of Viet Nam a couple of days before, where we had incoming Chinese-made mortar rounds, to sit and toast the host of a dinner on the commune, the chairman of the revolutionary committee. He was a Peoples' Liberation Army officer in his uniform with red stars and all."

Peking's new confidence was evident in the fact that the government had in-

vented such veteran Far East reporters as the *New York Times's* Tillman Durdin and Associated Press's John Roderick, who could make comparisons between the brightly lit "sin city" that was Shanghai before the Communist takeover, and the drab but egalitarian Shanghai of today. Durdin found Shanghai "full of energy and drive, but with little of the ebullience and sparkle" that it used to have. "The atmosphere is provincial, where before it was sophisticated and international." Standing in the Shanghai Bund headquarters of the Bank of China, with its array of Mao pictures, Durdin concluded that legendary Financier T.V. Soong, who built the bank in the 1930s, would never recognize "the bizarre mingling of banking with politics."

**Unanswered Questions.** Roderick picked up what may have been a diplomatic signal: a hint from his hosts that if the U.S. declared that it does not regard Taiwan and the mainland as "two Chinas" then Peking might not demand removal of U.S. troops from Taiwan as a precondition for improved relations.

The importance of the hint could be exaggerated, since Mao and Nixon were communicating through French and other diplomatic channels as long ago as last year. Nixon passed the message that he did indeed intend to withdraw speedily from Viet Nam, to end the impasse between China and the U.S. over Taiwan and to bring Peking into the United Nations. What remains unanswered in the new diplomatic moves is how Peking is squaring its Ping Pong diplomacy with Hanoi. The pace of the war in Indochina will remain a major factor in determining the pace of a Sino-American *rapprochement*. Even so, Nixon has already said that he would like to visit China. American Author Edgar Snow, writing in *LIFE*, says that Mao told him as long ago as last fall that Peking would welcome the man that China considers America's chief monopoly capitalist, either as a tourist or as President.



Scene from Red Detachment of Women revolutionary ballet.

Graham Steenhoven inspecting color press printing theater posters in Shanghai.





Schoolchildren on pilgrimage to Peking.

Farm commune outside Canton.







Chinese tourists in front of Tiananmen (Heavenly Peace) Gate.  
Elderly Chinese at Summer Palace near capital.



Traffic policeman in Tienanmen Square.

Waitress aboard train from Hong Kong border to Canton.



Sailing junk in Shanghai's Whangpoo River.

## What They Saw—and Didn't See

THE first rush of impressions brought or cabled home to the U.S. from China last week evoked an image of a society unusually unified and content within itself. The Chinese people seemed genuinely enthusiastic about their condition. With an almost disconcerting unanimity, they answered questions with an appropriate quotation from Chairman Mao Tse-tung. The image was undoubtedly too simple, though roughly true as far as it went. Still, it must be remembered that the travelers were shown mostly showcase spots that are on the itinerary of nearly every foreign visitor. As fascinating as those sights were, they hardly gave a full view of Chinese society. A somewhat more accurate picture emerges in comparing the American visitors' impressions with those of earlier travelers and China watchers able to point out what the visitors did not see.

**Poor Man's Paradise.** The secret of Mao's China can perhaps be summed up in an old Chinese saying: "The contented man, though poor, is happy; the discontented man, though rich, is sad." One reason why the average Chinese appears happy is that the wide disparities of wealth that lasted into the 1950s have disappeared. Wang Bing-wong, TIME's veteran China watcher in Hong Kong, summed it up this way: "Mao's promise is nothing more than an experiment to make China the poor man's paradise. But first of all, he has to make it a virtue to be poor, which is exactly what he is trying to do."

Salaries begin at around 24.5 yuan or \$10 a month for a peasant on a commune—an amount that varies by a system of "work points" awarded according to the work he does, his political zeal, and the harvest. The upper range is around \$100 a month for a young army general or experienced technician. But rents are low, from \$1 to \$3 for a typical one- or two-room apartment. Vegetables in season cost only 1½ to 2¢ per lb., rice 7¢ per lb., and meat from 20¢ to 40¢ per lb. Milk is higher, at 10¢ a quart, and so are eggs, at 30¢ a dozen. Cereals and cooking oils are rationed, as is China's chief export item, cotton cloth (each person is allowed six yards a year).

**Status Symbols.** The absence of materialism noted by the visitors is not quite as real as meets the eye. In areas of southern China, remittances from abroad make a considerable difference. Those who get them lunch on meat or fish; those who do not, most frequently lunch on corn dumplings and salt soup (made by boiling water with a few vegetable leaves). Peasants are allowed to own small plots and to sell the produce on a limited free market. City workers spend about one-third of their income on food and are still concerned with the things money can buy: bicycles, radios, cameras and wristwatches, their status symbols. Most Chinese would have to

save for two years to buy a bicycle, which costs \$35 to \$45. They work eight hours a day, six days a week (overtime is unpaid but acknowledged in valuable political merit points). Leisure time is spent picnicking, swimming, hiking—in emulation of Mao Tse-tung's "long march" to the Yenan caves in the '30s—or reading the Chairman's thoughts. But the drabness of the austere blue, gray or green uniforms that all Chinese wear on the streets is not entirely a true picture. Many Chinese like to dress up in brightly-colored clothes at home.

Probably the deepest sociological change that Mao has brought about is

FRANK FISCHBECK—LIFE



OPEN MARKET IN PEKING

A virtue to be poor.

the abolition of the old "extended family"—grandparents, sisters, uncles, cousins and aunts, all under the same roof—that persisted into the 1950s. Mao saw China's traditionally intense family loyalty as interfering with the single-minded devotion he demanded for the revolution. So, starting with the Cultural Revolution, young people were sent away from home to work, and often settled down in their new surroundings. Modern apartments are too small for relatives. Birth control pills are distributed free, and Chinese women interviewed by the visitors unanimously voiced the desire to have no more than two children—who any way spend most of their time in nurseries while their mothers work.

**Home Loudspeakers.** Even if the Ping Pong visitors had been allowed to see more, they probably would have found little evidence of a police state, though factories have their "thought propaganda teams." The legions of children seen drilling in military fashion in Peking's Tienanmen Square probably do not re-

flect militarism so much as the fact that the army is largely running the country and organizing it along familiar lines. No outright repression is apparently needed, since the Chinese give every indication of working voluntarily, even zealously, to the point that one observer felt that they literally had no concept of individuality, only of their own role within the state.

Even so, Big Brother is watching. In the communes, for instance, there is a loudspeaker in every home. The Chinese told their American guests that only 5% of the people disagreed with Mao's policies, and they were being "re-educated" in labor camps. In China, of course, 5% of the populace amounts to 40 million persons. Reports Wongs

Bing-wong: "The life map of China still has its peaks and valleys. Politically there are areas where people in substantial numbers do not, or at least try not to, have anything to do with the party or Mao Tse-tung."

How do Chinese view Americans? Their impressions seemed no less distorted after 22 years of hostility than American views on China have frequently been. Everyone made a sharp distinction between the American people, whom the Chinese consider universally oppressed, and the Government in Washington.

The Chinese also seemed behind the news on a broad range of topics. A noticeable number of Peking's citizens, for example, are inveterate smokers. When it was suggested to them that smoking might lead to lung cancer, they replied, "Oh, no, you must be wrong." They had also missed the single most dramatic event of the decade. The surprised visitors discovered that no Chinese publication had yet announced that Americans landed on the moon.



## PAKISTAN Dacca, City of the Dead

Within hours after launching a tank-led offensive in Dacca and other East Pakistani cities on the night of March 25, the Pakistan army imposed a virtual blackout on the brutal civil war in Bangla Desh (Bengal State) by expelling foreign newsmen. TIME Correspondent Dan Coggins, who was among them, recently trekked back from India by Honda, truck, bus and bicycle to become the first American journalist to visit Dacca since the fighting started. His report:

Dacca was always a fairly dreary city, offering slim pleasures beyond the Hotel Intercontinental and a dozen Chinese restaurants that few of its 1,500,000 people could afford. Now, in many ways, it has become a city of the dead. A month after the army struck, unleashing tank guns and automatic weapons against largely unarmed civilians in 34 hours of wanton slaughter, Dacca is still shocked and shattered, its remaining inhabitants living in terror under the grip of army control. The exact toll will never be known, but probably more than 10,000 were killed in Dacca alone.

Perhaps half the city's population has fled to outlying villages. With the lifting of army blockades at road and river ferry exits, the exodus is resuming. Those who remain venture outdoors only for urgent food shopping. Rice prices have risen 50% since the army reportedly started burning grain silos in some areas. In any case, 14 of the city's 18 food bazaars were destroyed. The usually jammed streets are practically empty, and no civil government is functioning.

"Kill the Bastards!" On every rooftop, Pakistan's green-and-white flags hang limply in the steamy stillness. "We all know that Pakistan is finished," said one Bengali, "but we hope the flags will keep the soldiers away." As another form of insurance, portraits of Pakistan's late founder Mohammed Ali Jinnah, and even the current President Agha Mohammed Yahya Khan, were displayed prominently. But there was no mistaking the fact that the East Pakistanis viewed the army's occupation of Dacca as a setback and not a surrender. "We will neither forgive nor forget," said one Bengali. On learning that I was a *sangbadik* (journalist), various townspeople led me to mass graves, to a stairwell where two professors were shot to death, and to scenes of other atrocities.

The most savage killing occurred in

the Old City, where several sections were burned to the ground. Soldiers poured gasoline around entire blocks, igniting them with flamethrowers, then mowed down people trying to escape the cordons of fire. "They're coming out!" a Westerner heard soldiers cry. "Kill the bastards!"

One Bengali businessman told of losing his son, daughter-in-law and four grandchildren in the fire. Few apparently survived in the destroyed sections—25 square blocks—of the Old City. If they escaped the flames, they ran into gunfire. To frighten survivors, soldiers refused to allow the removal of decomposing bodies for three days, despite the Moslem belief in prompt burial, preferably within 24 hours, to free the soul.



BENGALI VICTIM IN DACC  
Hardly what Jinnah had in mind.

The dead of Dacca included some of East Pakistan's most prominent educators and businessmen, as well as some 500 students. Among at least seven University of Dacca professors who were executed without apparent reason was the head of the philosophy department, Govinda Chandra Dev, 65, a gentle Hindu who believed in unity in diversity. Another victim was Jogesh Chandra Ghosh, 86, the invalid millionaire chemist. Ghosh, who did not believe in banks, was dragged from his bed and shot to death by soldiers who looted more than \$1 million in rupees from his home.

Looting was also the motive for the slaying of Ranada Prasad Saha, 80, one of East Pakistan's leading jute exporters and one of its few philanthropists; he had built a modern hospital offering free medical care at Mirzapur, 40 miles north of Dacca. Dev, Ghosh and Saha were all Hindus.

"Where are the *maloun* [cursed ones]?" rampaging soldiers often asked as they searched for Hindus. But the

Hindus were by no means the only victims. Many soldiers arriving in East Pakistan were reportedly told the absurdity that it was all right to kill Bengali Moslems because they were Hindus in disguise. "We can kill anyone for anything," a Punjabi captain told a relative. "We are accountable to no one."

Next Prime Minister. The tales of brutality are seemingly endless. A young man whose house was being searched begged the soldiers to do anything, but to leave his 17-year-old sister alone; they spared him so he could watch them murder her with a bayonet. Colonel Abdul Hai, a Bengali physician attached to the East Bengal Regiment, was allowed to make a last phone call to his family; an hour later his body was delivered to his home. An old man who decided that Friday prayers were more important than the curfew was shot to death as he walked into a mosque.

About 1:30 on the morning of the attack, two armored personnel carriers arrived at the Dhanmandi home of Sheikh Mujibur ("Mujib") Rahman, 51, the political leader behind the campaign for Bengali independence. Mujib first took refuge beneath a bed when the Special Security Group commandos began to spray his house with small-arms fire. Then, during a lull, he went to the downstairs veranda, raised his hands in surrender and shouted, "There is no need for shooting. Here I am. Take me."

Mujib was flown to West Pakistan, where he is reported held in Attock Fort near Peshawar. As an activist who had already spent nine years and eight months in jail, he may have reasoned at the time of his arrest that his political goals would be served by the martyrdom of further imprisonment. But he obviously did not expect to face a treason charge and possible execution. Only two months earlier, after all, President Yahya had referred to him as "the next Prime Minister of Pakistan."

No Choice. In Mujib's absence, the resistance movement is sorely lacking leadership, as well as arms, ammunition and communications gear. In late March, the *mukti fauj* (liberation forces) overwhelmed several company-size elements, as at Kushtia and Pabna, but bolt-action rifles cannot stop Sabre jets, artillery and army troops operating in battalion strength.

Still, everywhere I visited on the journey to Dacca, I found astonishing unanimity on the Bengali desire for independence and a determination to resist the Pakistan army with whatever means available. "We will not be slaves," said one resistance officer, "so there is no choice but to fight until we win." The oncoming monsoon rains and the Islamabad government's financial problems will also work in favor of Bangla Desh. As the months pass and such hardships increase, Islamabad may have to face the fact that unity by force of arms is not exactly the Pakistan that Jinnah had in mind.



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## SOUTH VIET NAM Election Preview

The second presidential election in South Viet Nam's history is still five months off, but the selling of the candidates is already well under way. In the old imperial capital of Hue last week, President Nguyen Van Thieu stood at smiling attention in a packed reviewing stand as he presided over a parade celebrating South Viet Nam's "glorious victory" in Laos. In Saigon, meanwhile, his Vice President and chief rival, Nguyen Cao Ky, was putting on a show of his own. "You ask why we did not have a victory parade after our successful campaign in Cambodia last year?" he chortled during a talk at a wel-

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VICE PRESIDENT KY  
*Bad vibrations from the palace.*

fare workers' school in Cholon. "We did not have to, you know, because it was a real victory. As to why we had a victory parade in Hue for the recent campaign in Laos, I think you should ask the President."

For good measure, Ky jeered that the country has become "a rotten boat with a deceptively good coat of paint. The men who steer the boat," he added, "are unfaithful, disloyal, ungrateful people."

It was easily Ky's most sulfurous performance since 1968, when the U.S., in the shaky days after Tet, began pressuring the cocky pilot-politician to maintain at least a semblance of harmony with Thieu. But plainly Ky considers himself grounded no longer. In recent weeks, he has opened up on corruption ("beyond control"), on the Laotian operation ("our Dienbienphu"), on Viet-

namization (Saigon's U.S.-supplied warplanes are suitable only "for women"). Richard Nixon's withdrawal program? Only last fall, Ky had been scoffing that a fixed pullout date "doesn't make any sense," but last week he called for total U.S. withdrawal by "the end of 1972, or better, 1973."

**Not a Snowball's Chance.** The date that really interests Ky is, of course, Oct. 3, 1971—election day. Ky has often said that "I'm not a good No. 2 man for anyone." He would plainly relish being the flamboyant No. 1 again, as he was from 1965 until the election of 1967, when the U.S. and the generals in Saigon coaxed him into running as Thieu's Vice President. But the power of American political persuasion is receding along with the American presence in South Viet Nam, and Ky is once again striking out on his own. In fact, he has no alternative. "From the vibrations I get from the palace," says one Western analyst, "there is not a snowball's chance in hell of Ky running with Thieu."

Thus the immediate prospect is for a two-way race. Later on, perhaps some time this summer, a third candidate is likely to emerge: popular but painfully hesitant Duong Van Minh, leader of the 1963 coup that toppled the Diem regime. Strong in Saigon, in Hue, in central Viet Nam and with the militant An Quang Buddhists, "Big Minh" has already staked out a position well to the left of Thieu; he has indicated that he would not be averse to striking some sort of accommodation with the Communist insurgents in the future. When and if he ever gets moving, Minh is expected to run much stronger than Ky, who styles himself "an ex-hawk turned dove" these days but is still basically an opportunist in search of a real constituency.

**Hands-Off Posture.** But can anyone beat Thieu? Probably not, for a variety of reasons. Even if he does poorly in the cities, as he did in 1967, he has enough solid support in the countryside to win going away. As the incumbent, moreover, he has control of press censorship and government radio and TV, plus ready access to U.S. plane and helicopter transport. Another asset is the fact that in South Viet Nam's short experience with elections, voting has come to be viewed as an almost canonical way of registering accommodation with the powers that be. Thus, Thieu has no need to rig the election, though the recent appearance all over the country of Americans taking presidential preference polls has convinced many South Vietnamese that the rigging process is already under way.

Bending over backward to avoid charges of American meddling, Secretary of State William Rogers has ordered U.S. personnel in Saigon to observe "strict neutrality" during the campaigning. But in fact, the U.S. is backing Thieu. And even if the U.S. could adopt a convincing hands-off posture, such a situation would only favor the status quo—which, again, is Nguyen Van Thieu.

## CAMBODIA

### Partial Paralysis

When he returned to Cambodia two weeks ago from Honolulu, where he had been under treatment for the stroke that immobilized him last February, Premier Lon Nol was still a long way from complete recovery. He seemed weak in body and in spirit, had only limited use of his left arm, dragged his left leg as he walked, and occasionally slurred his words as he spoke. Even so, there was little to foreshadow the crisis that beset Phnom-Penh last week, leaving the government—like Lon Nol himself—in a state of partial paralysis.

The crisis began on his seventh day back in the capital, when Lon Nol



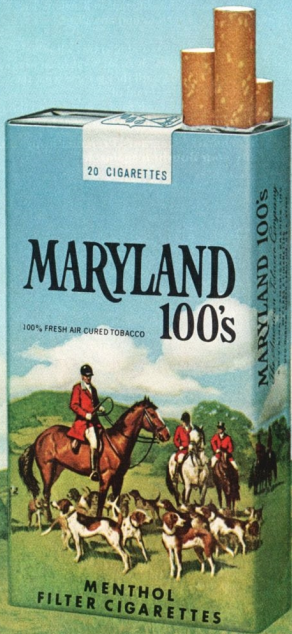
PREMIER LON NOL  
*Good time for a change.*

abruptly resigned. In bewilderingly rapid order he was 1) acclaimed an official "national hero" by the legislature, 2) made Cambodia's first marshal of the army, and 3) entreated by Chief of State Cheng Heng to reconsider his resignation in view of the country's "grave circumstances" and form a new government. At week's end, Lon Nol was reported ready to accept the invitation.

**Like a Copilot.** But what did it all mean? Lon Nol had reason enough to claim "ill health"; in addition to the lingering effects of his stroke, he suffers from diabetes and high blood pressure. But his short-lived resignation was also designed to deal with a governmental malaise. While the Premier was away, a bitter struggle flared between his two closest advisers: his brother Lieut. Colonel Lon Non, who commands a Cambodian army brigade, and Vice Premier

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Sisowath Sirik Matak, a shrewd administrator who is said to be "like a copilot" to Lon Nol.

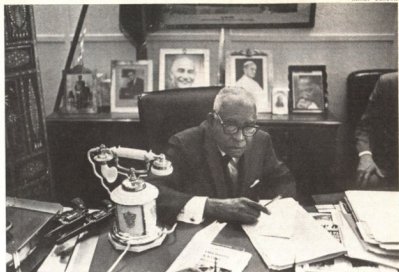
Evidently, the only solution was a complete shake-up of the government. When it is all over, Lon Nol is expected to resume his premiership and redistribute the machinery of power among three Vice Premiers (two of them newly created) and a thoroughly overhauled Cabinet.

Many Cambodians would applaud. The somewhat mystical Premier has succeeded admirably in unifying the country, but students, intellectuals and other early supporters of the regime are beginning to complain of drift and disorganization. The government is just barely holding its own against the 50,000 Communist troops in Cambodia, and it is slowly losing ground in its struggle against inflation and other symptoms of war. Lately, stories of indolence and corruption in the Cabinet have been circulating in the capital. Crisis or no, it was, as one Western diplomat put it, "a good time to change the government."

## And Now There Are Ten

As she walked toward a government position near Cambodia's embattled Highway 4 one day early in April, U.P.I. Correspondent Catherine Webb called to some fellow reporters, "I'm just going up to have a look." That was the last anyone saw or heard of the gentle, soft-voiced New Zealander. Minutes later, Communist mortars opened up on the Cambodian position, and when North Vietnamese regulars followed up with a savage ground attack, the surviving government troops ran for their lives.

Moving back into the overrun position, Cambodian troops recently came



PAPA DOC IN PRESIDENTIAL OFFICE WITH PISTOLS ON DESK (1969)  
Seeking answers from a dead man's head.

upon several bodies. One of them, found partially clothed in a shallow grave, with a bullet wound in the chest and another in the head, was almost certainly Kate Webb's. She had become U.P.I.'s bureau manager in Phnom-Penh last February, at the age of 28, after her predecessor, Frank Frosch, was gunned down along with Pulitzer-prizewinning Photographer Kyoichi Sawada in a Viet Cong ambush. Webb is the tenth journalist known to have died in Cambodia since the war spilled across its borders last spring; 19 others are listed as missing. In one year, Cambodia has accounted for more than half the total of 52 journalists who have been killed or have disappeared in Indochina since 1955.

## HAITI

### Breaking the Spell

At two-minute intervals, a cannon fired a booming salute in Port-au-Prince last week. Thousands of mourners filed through a spacious salon in the white Presidential Palace. There, dressed in a black frock coat and resting in a glass-topped, silk-lined coffin, lay the remains of one of history's most malevolent dictators. He was François Duvalier, who liked to be called Papa Doc. For 14 years he had held the wretchedly poor black republic of Haiti in a spell of fear. Now the spell was broken. At 64, weakened by heart attacks and chronic diabetes, Papa Doc died. His son, roly-poly Jean-Claude, 19, whom Duvalier had designated as his successor last January, was immediately sworn in as President.

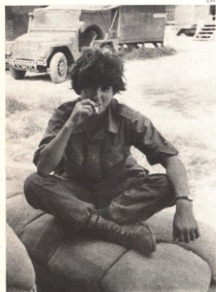
**Voodoo Spirits.** Papa Doc cast his spell through the artful use of voodoo, which in effect is Haiti's national religion. Duvalier affected the staring gaze, whispered speech and hyperslow movements recognized by Haitians as signs that a person is close to the voodoo spirits. He solicited the allegiance of voo-

doo priests in the countryside, often bringing them to Port-au-Prince for a presidential audience, and he encouraged rumors that he possessed supernatural powers. "My enemies cannot get me!" he used to exult to his followers. "I am already an immortal being."

**Reign of Terror.** The son of an impoverished Port-au-Prince schoolteacher, Duvalier studied at the University of Haiti medical school. A member of a U.S.-sponsored medical team in the Haitian interior during the 1940s, he became aware of the grip that voodoo holds on the rural masses. After turning to politics, he was elected President of Haiti in 1957, with the army's backing. He had promised that he would do something for the country's poor black majority, who for years have been exploited by a small clique of mulattoes. Instead, Duvalier, who was very dark, immediately imposed a reign of terror on a nation whose slave origins made it no stranger to brutality. His secret policemen, the Tontons Macoutes (Creole for "bogeymen"), murdered and tortured his opponents, sometimes leaving a victim's severed head on display in a marketplace as a warning to others. They also collected unofficial taxes and tribute from cowed Haitian businessmen and peasants.

At first, Duvalier was able to parlay his anti-Communist credentials into sizable aid grants from the U.S. But he squandered much of the funds on grandiose prestige projects like the model city of Duvalierville, now a collection of decaying buildings overgrown by jungle. The U.S. finally cut all but a trickle of aid in the early 1960s. Under Duvalier, Haiti's per capita income of less than \$75 remained the hemisphere's lowest, and the country was still racked by disease and hunger.

In 1964, Duvalier declared himself President for Life. He held on to power by playing off one faction against an-



CORRESPONDENT WEBB  
Another 19 are missing.

other. With terrifying regularity, he sent his aides from palace to prison, and from there often to either foreign exile or execution. After a kidnapping attempt on two of his children, Papa Doc ordered 65 officers summarily shot. On another occasion, he personally commanded the firing squad that dispatched 19 of his closest followers, whom he suspected—probably without justification—of plotting against him.

**Occult Powers.** Duvalier began to build a personality cult. The Lord's Prayer was rewritten. "Our Doc," the revised version went, "who art in the National Palace, hallowed be thy name." He boasted that he was a statesman of the same caliber as Charles de Gaulle and demanded homage from his people, who were trucked into Port-au-Prince to sing and dance his praises in front of the palace. To stir up enthusiasm for himself, he would sometimes ride through the capital in his bulletproof Mercedes 600 limousine and stop to scatter money among the crowds.

As Haitian exiles began staging small guerrilla landings in the 1960s, Papa Doc's behavior became even more bizarre. After the leader of a guerrilla group had been killed in a skirmish, Papa Doc had the man's head cut off and brought to the palace. There Papa Doc supposedly used his occult powers to conjure information about the guerrilla band's plans from the dead man's skull. There were rumors that Papa Doc had taken to torturing prisoners himself in the palace basement.

The general assumption had been that Papa Doc's death would set off a political explosion in Haiti. Thus it was a major surprise when the country



NEW PRESIDENT JEAN-CLAUDE  
Father's choice.

took the event calmly. At first, only a small group of curious gathered outside the palace fence, and only a few extra police and troops stood guard in Port-au-Prince. By the time of the funeral, the crowds and security forces had grown larger. Nonetheless, the city remained peaceful.

In a radio address to the country, Jean-Claude vowed to carry on his father's "revolution" with the same "energy and intransigence." The power behind Baby Doc is almost certain to be his elder sister, Marie-Denise 29, whom many Haitians regard as the old dictator's only true spiritual offspring. During the past several years, she has deftly shunted aside possible rivals within the palace inner circle.

**Border Alert.** There was no assurance that the brother-and-sister team could withstand the rivalries and intrigues that beset Haitian politics. Haiti has seldom escaped violence during leadership changes. Many experts anticipate a period of intense but quiet rivalry between army and secret-police factions, which may later explode into open fighting.

Haiti's neighbors braced for trouble. The Dominican Republic, which shares the island of Hispaniola with Haiti, put its border troops on a full alert. In Washington, the State Department conceded that the U.S. had increased naval and air surveillance of the sea approaches to Haiti. Since the island's northwestern tip is only 50 miles away from Cuba across the Windward Passage, the U.S. is worried that Fidel Castro, who has been more bellicose than usual in recent weeks, may seize upon Duvalier's death as an opportunity to stir up trouble in Haiti.

## ITALY

### Lex Romana

The last romantic, as Rome's daily *Il Messaggero* put it last week, is the way most Italians still think of Raffaele Minichiello, the disgruntled U.S. Marine who commandeered a TWA Boeing 707 at carbine point all the way from California to Rome in 1969. Minichiello's 6,900-mile, 17-hr. 48-min. record for long-distance hijacking still stands, as does his unique place in the folklore of Naples, which claims him for its own, though he was born 80 miles away in the mountain town of Melito Irpino. Last week Minichiello set yet another outrageous mark as one of Italy's most favored criminals.

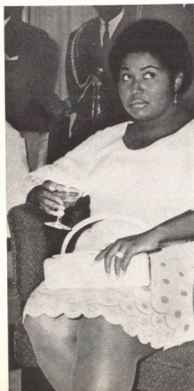
Minichiello originally faced up to 32 years in prison on three charges connected with importing a "weapon of war," his M-1 carbine, and three counts of assaulting and kidnapping the plane crew and an Italian police official. Last November, a criminal court in Rome managed to limit his penalty to 7½ years after the defense eloquently described him as a "Don Quixote without Dulcinea, without Sancho Panza, who instead of mounting his Rocinante flew across the skies."

**General Amnesty.** Last week when his case came up for appeal, his defense attorneys startled the judges by producing in court a locally bought hunting rifle with the same ballistic characteristics as Minichiello's M-1 and arguing that therefore the charges against him of importing a "weapon of war" should be dropped. The court saw merit in the argument and reduced his sentence to 3½ years. After the decision was handed down, the losing Italian prosecutor walked over to Minichiello, patted him on the back, and admonished him to "be a good boy from now on." A two-year general amnesty granted most Italian prisoners by President Giuseppe Saragat last May automatically reduced that 3½-year stretch to 18 months, which was almost exactly the amount of time that Minichiello had already served. Thus, this week he will walk out of Rome's Queen of Heaven Prison a free man.\*

Well, not entirely free. He still cannot return to the U.S., where a Brooklyn, N.Y., grand jury indicted him on charges of air piracy, kidnapping and assault, carrying penalties of 20 years to death. But there is no point in U.S. officials seeking to press charges. Italy is a member of a European convention prohibiting extradition on charges carrying the death penalty.

\* His lenient treatment at the hands of Italian authorities contrasts sharply with that of U.S. Actor William Berger (*TIME*, April 5), who was held for almost eight months before trial after Italian police raided a party at his rented villa and found nine-tenths of one gram of marijuana. He was acquitted, but his wife, who was also held—though never charged—in connection with the case, died in prison.

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**THE TRAVELERS**

## PEOPLE

The plangent Southern accent coming through the telephone receiver was familiar. The political philosophy was downright unmistakable. "The Supreme Court should be abolished," **Martha Mitchell** told the Washington *Evening Star* last week after the court had rejected the arguments of Husband **John Mitchell's** Justice Department against desegregation by busing (see *THE NATION*). "We should extinguish the Supreme Court," she decreed. "We have no youth on the court, no Southerners, no women—just nine old men. I have never been so furious. Nine old men should not overturn the tradition of America."

Author **Erich Segal** may have been a longtime No. 1 on the bestseller lists with *Love Story*, but you can't win them all. He panted in 489th out of a field of 887 in last week's Boston Marathon. But, as Harper & Row's pro-

cessors and War Production, is being translated into Hebrew. Profits from the book's sale in Israel, Speer hastened to announce last week, will be donated to a youth-oriented German organization called Action Sign of Atonement.

"At 15 I visualized myself as a world-famous author of 70 with a mane of wavy white hair. Today I am practically bald." This balding, world-famous author, **Vladimir Nabokov**, celebrated his 72nd birthday in Switzerland last week by working on a new novel that may be called *Transparent Things*. The new work, he explained to the *New York Times*, is being composed on his usual "scrambled index cards, which I gradually fill in and sort out, using up in the process more pencil sharpeners than pencils." Nabokov described his success at beating the biblical quota of 70 years as "a feat of lucky endurance, of paradoxically detached will power, of good work and good wine, of healthy concentration on a rare bug or a rhythmic phrase. Another thing that might have been of some help is the fact that I am subject to the embarrassing qualms of superstition: a number, a dream, a coincidence can affect me obsessively—though not in the sense of absurd fears but as fabulous, and on the whole rather bracing scientific enigmas incapable of being stated, let alone solved."

"Punctuality," said Louis XVIII, "is the politeness of kings." Kennedys are not kings—as no one in Bonn last week needed reminding. On tour with the Boston Pops Orchestra, **Teddy Kennedy** and his wife **Joan** (who narrates *Peter and the Wolf*), seemed to be late everywhere they went. Joan kept Mayor Peter Krämer and the fire department band cooling their heels for 45 minutes at the City Hall. Joan was at least an hour late for U.S. Ambassador Kenneth Rush's cocktail party. Joan was two hours late for the party given by West German Foreign Minister Walter Scheel; Teddy was only 20 minutes late for his appointment with Chancellor Minister Horst Ehmke. At a reception given by the Minister-President of North Rhine-Westphalia, Teddy was 90 minutes late and Joan didn't show at all. And on the night of the concert, Teddy turned up 45 minutes late at the table where Foreign Minister Scheel and Ambassador Rush were waiting for him. The German press took note. The *Süddeutsche Zeitung* referred to the Kennedys' "lack of feeling for time and protocol." Wrote influential Columnist Walter Henkels in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*: "A subtle wall of estrangement and aloofness seemed to have arisen between Senator Edward Kennedy and his wife Joan on the one hand, and the Bonn people on the other."



AUTHOR SEGAL  
Smiles.

motion manager must certainly agree, it wasn't a total loss—the 26 miles, 385 yards seemed to be lined with *Love Story* lovers. Said No. 489 afterward: "The muscles that hurt the most are in the mouth, from smiling back at the people." For Segal the marathon also disproved those who claimed success had made him soft. "They say Segal is off sipping champagne from girls' slippers," he boasted. "You can tell them I sip Gatorade from girls' track shoes."

"I want him to quit, really," said Florence Frazier, wife of the heavyweight boxing champion of the world. "It takes so much out of your life." But Husband **Joe Frazier**, emerging from a visit with President Nixon, shrugged: "All wives are like that—quit being a fighter, quit being a President."

Inside the *Third Reich*, the memoirs of Hitler's protégé and confidant **Albert Speer**, the Nazi Minister of Ar-



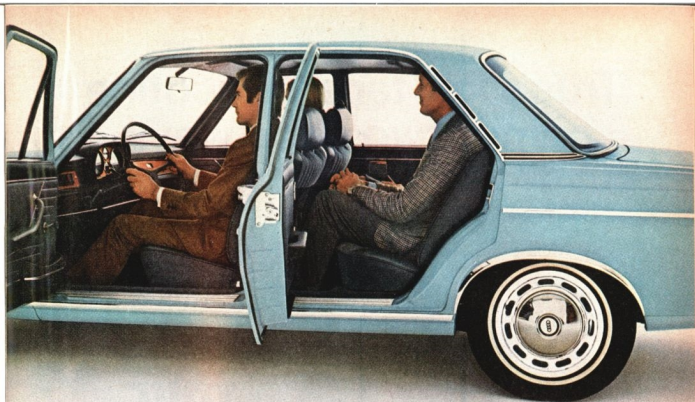
MICK & BIANCA  
Plans.

Marriage? Certainly not, said little **Mick Jagger** of the Rolling Stones, while Bianca just stood there in her see-through and smiled. Yes, St. Laurent's St. Tropez boutique was making a dress for Bianca, and yes, they were both staying up in the Hotel Byblos there, and yes, "Bianca and I have been together for several weeks. But I have no plans to marry." Still, 21-year-old Bianca Perez Morena de Macias of Nicaragua went on smiling, and Mick added cryptically: "I'm not the sort of bloke who would make a big fuss of announcing a date, am I?"

JOAN & TED







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## EDUCATION

### Discontent of the Straights

In a seeming classic of circumvention, the Nixon Administration last week staged the White House Conference on Youth at a Y.M.C.A. camping center in the Colorado Rockies, 7,500 ft. above sea level and 1,800 miles from the White House. To compound their isolation, the 1,400 delegates (420 of them adults) were soon blanketed by more than two feet of snow that fell on the site near Rocky Mountain National Park. While manfully debating the great issues that a pre-conference poll showed are most troubling youth, the delegates had to borrow Army parkas from nearby Fort Carson and improvise boots from chartreuse plastic grocery bags.

In this hermetic atmosphere, two young rabbis were overheard discussing whether to make a side trip to the nearest hamlet, five miles away. "But Rabbi," said one, "nobody lives down there, not even Eskimos." Replied his companion: "I just want to see if the real world still exists."

**Cheek to Cheek.** All this grew out of a top-level decision to split youth problems away from the regular once-a-decade White House Conference on Children and Youth, which took place in Washington last December (TIME, Dec. 28). But why Colorado? Stephen Hess, 38, the conference chairman, explained that the site freed everyone from distractions, to say nothing of saving \$180,000 in big-city hotel bills. With considerable logic, critics sensed that the Administration was trying to avoid a confrontation on its own doorstep.

Few delegates arrived with disruption in mind. Many sported crew cuts; one wore a T shirt from the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. Many were nominated by Governors, party youth groups and organizations ranging from the Boy Scouts to the Sierra Club. One girl from San Francisco was a veteran demonstrator; she had organized a pro-Nixon rally during last spring's nationwide protests against Administration policies. When a rock band deafened the proceedings, the kids promptly began dancing in 1950s style, cheek to cheek.

The few radicals who did drift in were taken aback. Said James S. Kunen, a veteran of the 1968 Columbia bust and author of *The Strawberry Statement*: "I didn't think they could find this many straight kids in America."

**Recycled Reforms.** Even so, Hess & Co. had good reason to support their choice of delegates. They said they carefully used census reports to reflect the U.S. youth population. Example: 20% of the young delegates were college students, slightly overrepresenting the 16% of young Americans who are in fact collegians. Blacks (12% of the youth population) accounted for 16% of the delegates. Others included working youths (27%) and young housewives (9%).

The nature of the representation made the results all the more startling. Imbued with great faith in the U.S. political process, the delegates went to work with a vengeance to pick the reforms they wanted. They overloaded three high-speed Xerox machines with 1,500,000 sheets of draft resolutions, petitions and recommendations from committees, subcommittees, sub-subcommittees, task forces, subplenary task forces, caucuses and assorted alliances. An ecology task force thoughtfully arranged for the recycling of used documents at a nearby plant. A task force on race and minority groups split into caucuses for American Indians, black Americans, European Americans, Asian Americans,

ernment's \$1,104,000 in conference expense funds to send telegrams of endorsement to the nonviolent groups sponsoring last weekend's antiwar protests. Further bucking Administration policies, various task forces urged a complete end to strip mining, the immediate resignation of J. Edgar Hoover, and amnesty for all draft violators.

**Message for Everybody.** The ecology panel used consultants to draft a detailed bill proposing a national corps of volunteers to work on environmental projects; a panel on drugs called for the open, legalized sale of marijuana regulated by the Government (a black caucus dissented strongly). By a vote of 493 to 127, the final session also declared that "any sexual behavior between consenting, responsible individuals [not just adults] must be recognized



WHITE HOUSE CONFERENCE DELEGATES OUTSIDE Y.M.C.A. MESS HALL  
Not hatred but disappointments.

Spanish-speaking Americans and "non-ethnic Americans." Several of the caucuses then held a press conference to protest the alleged underrepresentation of Italian Americans.

When the sun finally began to melt the snow on the third day, the delegates had shown a powerful discontent with the Administration. Veterans of student politics and service organizations took the lead in marshaling the more naive and confused participants. Said the preamble of the conference's report: "We are not motivated by hatred, but by disappointment over and over for the unfulfilled potential of this nation." Republican Senator Bill Brock, 40, one of two overriden adult members of the task force that drafted the preamble, immediately called the rhetoric "masochistic, negative, nonproductive and not representative of American youth."

Calling for complete U.S. withdrawal from Indochina by Dec. 31, the delegates voted to use some of the Gov-

ernment's \$1,104,000 in conference expense funds to send telegrams of endorsement to the nonviolent groups sponsoring last weekend's antiwar protests.

When HEW Secretary Elliot Richardson told the delegates, "You may well ask 'Is anyone listening?'" a skeptical delegate brought down the house by answering: "Yeah, the FBI." Richardson promised to bring up this year's proposals at the "earliest" Cabinet meeting, but warned the delegates that not every recommendation could get action. Unwilling to leave follow-up efforts entirely to the White House staff, the delegates created their own group to issue public reports on results.

For most delegates, that seemed adequate. Alex Stevens, 17, a black student government leader from Miami Beach High School, told TIME Correspondent Barry Hillenbrand: "We are making our report to the nation, to Congress, to everybody. We don't think that Nixon is necessarily going to be in office for a long time, and we will have somebody later who might listen."

## THE LAW

### Ambivalence on Abortion

By legislative repeals and lower-court decisions, U.S. abortion crusaders have lately seemed to be winning their case for liberalized laws all over the country. But one big question remained: What would the Supreme Court say? Last week, in its first abortion opinion, the court gave an ambivalent answer. Friends and foes of abortion could all find support in the court's ruling.

At issue was the case of Dr. Milan Vuitch, arrested three years ago under the anti-abortion law in Washington, D.C. Judge Gerhard A. Gesell ruled the law unconstitutionally vague because it permitted abortions only to preserve a mother's "life or health." Finding that the word health provided "no clear standard to guide either the doctor, the jury or the court," Gesell dismissed the Vuitch indictment. By a 5-to-2 vote last week, the Supreme Court disagreed. Speaking for the majority, Justice Hugo Black held that "health" is a clear standard, the statute is therefore constitutional, and the prosecution of admitted Abortionist Vuitch may proceed.

But Black's opinion also included qualifying language that seems sure to limit enforcement of the D.C. law and others like it. "Health," Black stated, "includes psychological as well as physical well-being." Furthermore he ruled that the prosecution may no longer simply show that an abortion occurred, forcing the defendant physician to prove that the woman's life or health was on the line. Instead, a prosecutor must now actively prove beyond a reasonable doubt that "life or health" was not in danger. If that proof is not sufficiently persuasive, said Black pointedly, the tri-

al judge must, as always, set aside a jury's guilty verdict.

On the whole, the outcome pleased Dr. Vuitch. Though he performs as many as 1,000 abortions a year (at his office three blocks from the White House), he maintains that he does them for medical reasons and not merely on demand. "This is a big step forward," he says. "Now the government lawyer will be in the position of challenging my medical decision. What are the jury members going to decide when a lawyer tries to tell them that the doctor is wrong about a medical matter?"

Other abortion reformers were not so happy; after all, the anti-abortion law did technically survive. The reformers had hoped, in fact, that the court would face larger issues; among them, whether or not wives seeking abortions are protected by the emerging constitutional right of marital privacy. But other cases raising such issues still await action from the court, and last week's decision gave no hint of what the ultimate outcome might be.

### The Busing Judge

While the Supreme Court establishes broad legal principles, it is the nation's 375 federal district judges who face the hard task of applying them to specific cases. In the South since 1954, such judges have borne the crucial and often lonely responsibility for determining at trials the speed of desegregation. When the Supreme Court ruled last week that judges may order busing to end dual school systems (see THE NATION), the high court gave even more power—and problems—to the front-line men on the federal bench.

Appropriately the ruling upheld one of the most impressive members of the Southern federal judiciary. James Bryan McMillan, 54, looks and is the very model of a gracious Southern intellect. A North Carolina farmer's son, he was class of '40 at Harvard Law School, returned to his home state to set up a busy general-litigation practice, and in 1968 became one of Lyndon Johnson's last judicial appointees. Within a year, his duties forced him to confront the desegregating of the Charlotte-Mecklenburg County school district. After studying the facts, Judge McMillan decided he had taken the state's black-white situation for granted all his life "without thinking through this problem."

**Picketed Pariah.** Slowly McMillan became convinced that the Constitution required far more integration. Two years ago, he ruled that all known ways of desegregating should be considered, "including busing." The mere mention of the word caused outrage in Charlotte, and by the time the judge actually ordered the start of busing last year, he was all but a pariah to many in the community. Though he is an avid golfer (9



McMILLAN  
Competition for Job.

or 10 handicap), rumor had it that he was unable to pick up a foursome. McMillan denies that. But pickets on his lawn did demand his impeachment; there were telephoned death threats and ultimately police guards.

McMillan has willingly weathered the ostracism. "He'd give Job stiff competition for patience," says his secretary. With characteristic good humor, he prizes a battery-run toy school bus given him by a fellow judge and periodically zooms it around his office carpet. (The toy manufacturer provided the bus with white student passengers only.) "A judge would ordinarily like to decide cases to suit his neighbors," McMillan admits. But in this case, he could not.

**Robe Dragging.** Other judges are not so able to resist community pressure or go beyond long-held beliefs. After the first Supreme Court desegregation decisions in the 1950s, many Southern district judges dragged their feet, their robes, their dignity and anything else that came to hand in an effort to slow or reverse the course of integration. In Dallas in 1960, for example, Judge T. Whitfield Davidson, then 83, ruled that a plan promising complete desegregation by 1973 was unacceptable—because the school board was moving too fast. Higher courts reversed rulings in the case at least five times, not an unusual rate for laggard Southern judges, some of whom are still serving as glacially as ever.

Such reluctance to act may also serve to muddle the Supreme Court's busing decision, but the record shows that a solid majority of Southern federal judges have in fact carried out their responsibilities, whatever their initial personal feelings. Judge McMillan is in the best of that tradition. As he said when protesting lawyers argued that Charlotte was well ahead of most of the South in integrating even without busing: "Constitutional rights may not be denied here simply because they may be denied elsewhere. There is no 'Dow Jones average' for such rights."



PHILLIPS  
Problem for prosecutors.



# **For the first time in 12 years, there's been a significant drop in highway deaths.**

## **It was no accident.**

Last year, 55,300 Americans died in traffic accidents.

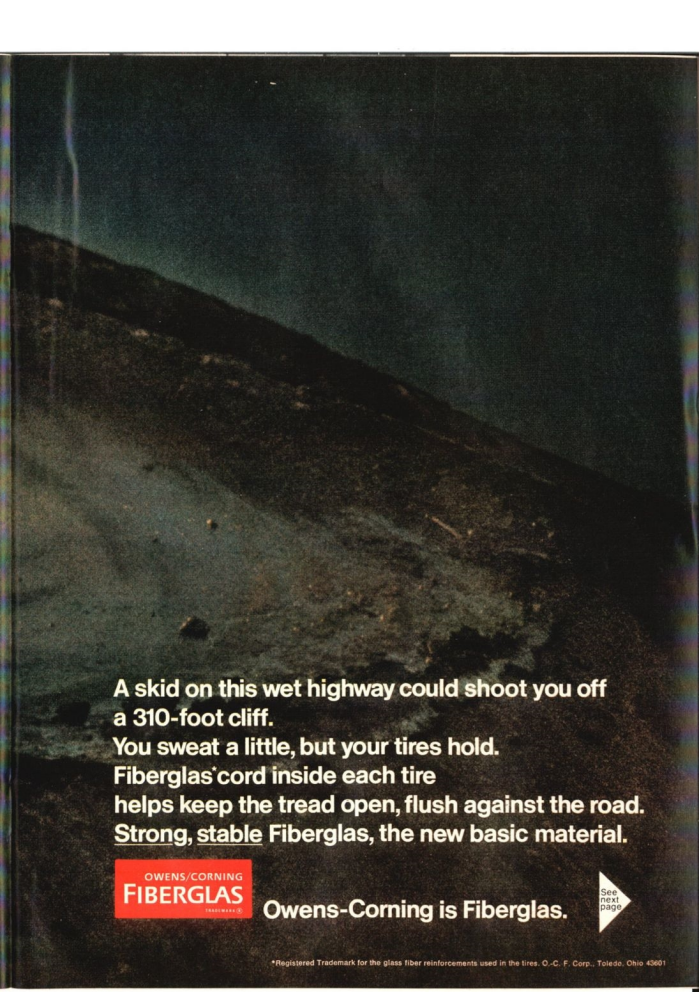
Grim as that sounds, it was an improvement. Traffic deaths have gone up almost every year for over a decade. From about 37,000 in 1958 to 56,400 in 1969.

Much of the credit for last year's drop should go to the auto manufacturers for producing safer cars. But the most important factor in highway safety is still the driver behind the wheel. The National Safety Council and other groups have stepped up their safety campaigns in recent years, and maybe more drivers are beginning to get the message.

On the following pages Owens-Corning offers six driving tips that might save your life when you drive, and tells how tires reinforced with Fiberglas® tire cord can help. You'll also learn how to get a free copy of our auto safety kit.

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# 6 tips (including a few surprises) that might save your life on the road.

**1** Don't use standard seat belts on small children. Many drivers don't know it, but standard seat belts aren't designed for children smaller than 48"-50" tall. An ordinary seat belt that would hold an adult in place might actually injure a small child in an accident. Ask your auto dealer about "shield type" car cradles for infants, "harness vests" for children one to three years old, and "booster seats" for kids three to seven.

**2** At 60 mph most cars can't stop within the beams of their headlights. Don't try to outsee your headlights at night. Cut your speed. Remember to turn your headlights on at dusk, when visibility is at its worst. Even though there are usually fewer cars on the road, more auto deaths happen after dark than during the day.

**3** A tire with badly worn tread is 50 times more likely to have a flat. Make sure your tires have at least 1/16" of tread. Have your tires looked at by your mechanic or tire dealer. If they must be replaced, buy tires that are at least as good as your original equipment tires. Glass fiber belted tires (standard on most U.S. cars since 1969) give up to 50 percent better wear than 2-ply tires.

And they hold the tread flush and open against the road. You corner better and stop faster, even on wet or slippery roads.

**4** Tired and angry drivers may account for nearly as many accidents as drunken drivers. Drunken drivers are still the greatest menace on our roads today. But there are other dangers too. If you're upset, or even just plain tired, don't drive.

**5** Impulsive kids cause a lot of accidents. Too many accidents happen when a child suddenly grabs for the steering wheel in heavy traffic. Make a rule: Children always ride in the backseat. And don't let your kids think of your car as a toy. The controls of your car should be off-limits, even when the car is safely parked in your driveway. On long trips, take along a supply of toys and games the kids can occupy themselves with. And insist on quiet.

**6** Don't think you're a better driver than you are. The National Safety Council reports that 80 percent of all highway deaths are caused by drivers who ignore the basic rules of safe driving. So don't take chances. Nobody is above the rules.

If you'd like more information on how to drive safely, send for our free auto safety kit. It includes a new Department of Transportation pamphlet, a test prepared by Owens-Corning you can take that will help you when you shop for tires, and a reprint of a *Redbook* magazine article, "What Every Young Mother Should Know about Auto Safety." It's free. Write to Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp., Attention: A. S. Meeks, Fiberglas Tower, Toledo, Ohio 43601.

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## BEHAVIOR

BEREAVED MOTHERS WITH CHAPLAIN STEPHENS

### Therapeutic Friendship

Suffering from a cancer that had left a gaping wound in her leg, 13-year-old Karen was sent home from an English hospital for a last visit with her family a few days before her expected death. Karen's mother, changing the girl's dressing, vomited over her child in horror when she saw what lay beneath the bandages. A week later, Karen died. But her mother lived on with her crushing sense of guilt that Karen's last thoughts had been of rejection. To ease her grief, the mother turned to the Society of Compassionate Friends, a rapidly growing organization that brings together parents of dead and dying children for what Founder Simon Stephens calls a therapeutic friendship.

**Breached Defenses.** From others in the group, Karen's mother gained what she most needed: a chance, as Stephens puts it, "to talk through her dreadful experience with a parent who had experienced something similar, so that she could begin to absolve herself of blame"—and eventually accept the loss of her child. Without the society, she probably would not have found anyone able to share her sorrow, because, he believes, society quarantines the bereaved exactly as it does people with contagious diseases.

"The death of a child was commonplace in Victorian days," explains Stephens, a curate trained in psychiatry and psychology. "Now it is so rare that we try to pretend it never happens. When it does, society turns away from those who are suffering, because their tears can breach our defenses."

Betty Edwards, a member of the Compassionate Friends, encountered those defenses. "A few weeks after my 22-year-old son was killed racing," she recalls, "a friend talked to me about everything under the sun; and I wanted to scream because she didn't mention John. She thought she was doing me a kindness, but I didn't want my son forgotten. The trouble is, most people have this little bit of fear that what has happened to your child could happen to theirs, and they don't want to face it."

This fear affects others besides friends, Stephens has discovered. He points out that doctors, unable to face the tragedy, will sometimes stop visiting an incurably ill child, and that nurses may try not to become emotionally involved. Clergymen frequently abandon bereaved mothers and fathers as soon as the funeral is over. Even close relatives, trying to be helpful, often remove every trace of the dead child—his books, clothes and toys and games—and encourage parents to forget at a time when their real need is "to work through their grief by talking incessantly and by remembering."

Stephens' task to evoke that memory began two years ago when as chaplain of Coventry's biggest hospital he encountered two dying boys: Billy Henderson, 12, who had cancer in his legs, chest and bloodstream; and Kenneth Lawley, 11, with head injuries resulting from a fall from his bike. "Billy died first," said Stephens, "and I felt a need to tell his parents they were not alone in their grief. I told them about Kenneth, and after Kenneth died I introduced the two sets of parents." Adds Joan Henderson: "We found we could cry together about our boys without embarrassment."

**Softening Grief.** A year later, the Society of Compassionate Friends was formed, and since then, 20 branches have been set up from Glasgow to Guernsey. The society aims not just at softening grief but at preventing its most damaging results. Explains Stephens: "Parents who cannot share their sorrow sometimes come to reject their remaining children. Or they have another child in the hope of re-creating the one they have lost."

If the later child's sex is different, however, he may be rejected; in any event, he is likely to suffer from not being wanted for himself. In other families, says Stephens, a father may try so hard to "keep a stiff upper lip, because it's the British thing to do," that he shows his wife little warmth, and the marriage itself breaks down. The grief over the loss of a child is universal and inevitable. But Stephens insists that the consequences are not.

### New View on Pot

Marijuana is a generally harmless intoxicant that produces serious psychological effects only in users who are emotionally disturbed to begin with. So, at least, runs the prevailing view, held by potheads and professional researchers alike. Last week, a challenge to that idea came from two Philadelphia psychiatrists who believe that regular pot smoking can cause grave psychiatric ills, including psychosis, even in young people who previously were stable.

Writing in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, Dr. Harold Kolansky and Dr. William T. Moore reported that all 38 patients in their study were adversely affected by smoking pot. Of eight who became psychotic, four tried to kill themselves, and of 13 unmarried girls who became promiscuous (some with other girls and some with both sexes) seven became pregnant. Eighteen developed anxiety, depression, apathy or poor judgment, and many had trouble concentrating, remembering, speaking clearly, and distinguishing fact from fantasy. None of the patients, who were from 13 to 24 years old, used any drug but pot and none had a history of serious mental illness.

**Klan Potentate.** Typical of the psychoses that sometimes developed after pot use was the paranoia of a 16-year-old girl who thought her older sister's husband was sexually interested in her. She began to attack teachers and friends verbally, dropped out of school and attempted to hang herself. In other cases, a 24-year-old came to believe he was the first member of a new superrace, a 20-year-old thought he was a Ku Klux Klan potentate in charge of the Mafia, and a 17-year-old decided he was the Messiah returned to earth. In each case, Kolansky and Moore theorize, pot disrupted the patient's view of reality so that the ego had to "develop a delusional system to restore a new form of reality." When they gave up pot, the

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TEEN-AGER SMOKING POT  
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psychotic youngsters were able to give up their delusions as well, but lapses in memory and concentration remained.

Among other cases described by Kolansky and Moore was a college freshman of 19, a good athlete and student in high school—where he smoked one or two marijuana cigarettes every weekend—who increased his pot smoking to several every day in college. As a freshman, he stopped going to classes, avoided sports and social activities, and often lost his train of thought. Another A student in high school became "apathetic, disoriented and depressed" in college two months after starting on cannabis. Confiding to a college counselor that he thought marijuana was making it hard for him to think straight, he was "reassured that the drug was harmless." He gave up pot nevertheless, and not long afterward regained his motivation and ability—which suggests that the drug had been responsible for his problems.

**Russian Roulette.** Explaining the apparent effects of marijuana, the two doctors suggest that the drug accents youthful worry over things that trouble every adolescent: his changing body, his awakened sexual interests, his longing to be as dependent as a child and his wish to be as self-sufficient as an adult. Pot interrupts "normal psychological adolescent growth processes," thus, says Moore, producing "a lot of young adults who are psychologically still children." Kolansky agrees, adding that the adolescent who smokes pot "is playing chemical Russian roulette because his personality is naturally unstable and changing." If he has psychological problems in addition, "marijuana can be dynamite—it can hit like a bomb."

Several behaviorists were quick to take issue with the Kolansky-Moore study. They pointed out, for example, that eleven patients in the group indeed did have at least minor problems—anxiety, depression, difficulty in concentrating—before they took up pot, so that marijuana smoking did not actually initiate their problems. Other critics cite the small number of cases investigated by Kolansky and Moore and point out that school troubles, promiscuity, and psychosis often occur in adolescents who have never experimented with drugs. Among the doubters is Harvard Psychiatrist Lester Grinspoon, author of the heavily documented new book *Marihuana Reconsidered*. "This is an uncontrolled study. You can't tell which is cause and which is effect—the drug, the life style, or the psychological problem." He adds a warning against "alarming reports" about the presumed hazards of pot based on "slim data" because, he says, such reports widen the credibility gap between doctors and adolescents.

Significantly, however, Grinspoon himself opposes the use of marijuana by youngsters. His reason: Many ordinarily harmless drugs can set off a psychosis in people with shaky egos—and in adolescence, a shaky ego is a normal condition of life.

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Blended Canadian Whisky • Distilled, taste-tested, and bottled in Valleyfield, P.Q., Canada • 6 years old. 86.8 proof. © Schenley Distillers Co., N.Y.C.

## Driving your own Continental accustoms you to certain tangible values: the

No one thing tells you more about a car than the price people are willing to pay for a previously owned one. And today, at trade-in, a Continental can prove to be an extraordinarily sound investment.

In fact, based on NADA wholesale prices, Continental Mark III continues to return a high proportion of its original manufacturer's suggested price and so has an enviably high resale value.

Once you've driven a Continental, you'll know why.

### The incomparable ride.

The stately Lincoln Continental ride is a distinctly unique

experience unrivaled by any other American car.

Many innovations contribute to the ride. A wheelbase of impressive sedan dimensions. The widest stance on the road today. The massive drive shaft, rubber-cushioned to eliminate vibration along the drive train. The 4-coil spring suspension. The seat cushions' almost sinful five inches of latex foam padding.

### The luxury environment.

Seated inside a Continental, you find yourself surrounded by comforts and conveniences. Rich sculpted fabrics, cut pile nylon carpeting, and automatic temperature control

## The Continentals:

Continental Mark III





## matchless Lincoln Continental ride; the Continental Mark III return at resale.

help make the environment congenial.

Power windows, power steering, power front disc brakes, and the responsive power of the industry's most advanced V-8 engine help make the driving effortless.

Michelin steel-belted radial ply tires are standard equipment on both cars. And Sure-Track, the industry's first computer-controlled anti-skid braking system, is standard on Mark III, optional on Lincoln Continental. Far faster than any driver could, Sure-Track automatically pumps and releases the brakes to help avoid rear wheel lockup on slippery surfaced roads.

the final step up.

The timepiece in the Mark III is not a clock at all, but a true chronometer from the famous jeweler, Cartier.

### The view from the top.

If you are one who looks beyond conventional standards of prestige and luxury, see your dealer about a Continental—to buy or lease.

Your very first drive will demonstrate to you that a Lincoln Continental or Continental Mark III is more than just another luxury car.

These are America's most distinctive cars. Apart and above. At the top of the class.

Lincoln Continental

A photograph of a light blue Lincoln Continental Mark III parked in a grassy field. In the background, two riders on horseback are visible. A woman in a vest and hat stands near the car. The scene is set in a rural, open landscape.

**THE CONTINENTALS**

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION 



King Size, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Long Size, 19 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. 70.

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Their imagination? It really lets loose when they see unfinished furniture.

It'll let them have the bright, wild colors they can only do themselves.

Their cigarette? Viceroy. They won't settle for less. It's a matter of taste.

Viceroy gives you all the taste, all the time.

## RELIGION

### Reparations up to Date

At the first meeting of the National Black Economic Development Conference in Detroit just two years ago this week, a solemn, angry black man rose to read a "Black Manifesto." He demanded, among other things, \$500 million in "reparations" from white U.S. churches and synagogues. What he wanted, said James Forman bluntly, was to be paid for past injustices. He calculated the bill at "\$15 per nigger," and he urged black people "to commence the disruption of white racist churches and synagogues." Eight days later, Forman and some of his followers invaded Riverside Church, Manhattan's temple of liberal Protestantism, and demanded "extra reparations," partly because of its connection with Rockefeller money.

Since then, measured strictly by its own improbable expectations (Forman later upped the ante to \$3 billion), the reparations movement has been something of a failure. So far, the Black Economic Development Conference (B.E.D.C.) has collected little more than \$300,000. Critics contend that it does not adequately account for the money, and as a result, it has even lost the support of the Interreligious Foundation for Community Organization, which sponsored the Detroit meeting.

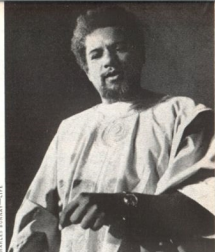
The Rev. Calvin B. Marshall, outspoken Brooklyn pastor (TIME, April 6, 1970) who is chairman of B.E.D.C.'s steering committee, argues that one of B.E.D.C.'s virtues is the ability to "shoot

down bureaucracy and get some dollars moving." Many of the dollars have been moving in the direction of one of B.E.D.C.'s main projects, the *Black Star Press* of Detroit. Its first book, by Forman, endorses "armed struggle and the seizure of state power."

The true impact of Forman's pronouncement, however, is greater than B.E.D.C.'s bank account. Though the manifesto in fact antagonized a good many churchmen, it may have helped release literally millions of dollars for expanded or new programs to aid minority groups, especially blacks. White churchmen generally deny that they are acting in direct response to the manifesto, whose revolutionary appeal they abhor. But in a number of denominations, there is evidence of a heightened effort to overcome the racial and social problems the manifesto dramatized. The churchmen are exercising control over their money and for the most part are not financing radicals. But they are giving. Items:

► The United Presbyterian Church voted in its 1969 General Assembly to reject any support of B.E.D.C., but it also voted to establish a Fund for the Self-Development of People with an initial goal of \$10 million this year.

► The Episcopal Church, already involved heavily in more than \$4,000,000 worth of special programs for minority assistance, made an additional \$200,000 grant in 1969 to the National Committee of Black Churchmen, with the unwritten but clear understanding that it



JAMES FORMAN AT RIVERSIDE (1969)  
No brown bag on Lenox Avenue.

would be passed on to B.E.D.C. And though contributions have dropped, partly because of backlash over that and other controversial grants, the church has maintained the programs despite its financial crisis.

► The United Methodist Church also had been involved in a sizable aid program for blacks and other minorities before the manifesto, but has since voted an additional \$4,000,000 to fund various minority community efforts. The \$400,000 disbursed so far, however, has gone mostly to projects closely related to the church. Black Methodists, among other churchmen, "used B.E.D.C. as a threat," says Calvin Marshall. "They said to their churches, 'Deal with us, or you'll have to deal with them.'"

► The Christian Church (Disciples of Christ) was outspoken in its rejection of the manifesto, but has since doubled the \$2,000,000 previously earmarked for a "reconciliation" project. "I thank the Lord for the manifesto," says the black director of the Disciples' program. "It showed the denominations that the alienation was deeper than they thought."

► The U.S. Catholic Bishops' \$50 million Campaign for Human Development, launched last fall, is pointedly aimed at funding minority self-help projects. A one-day nationwide appeal last Thanksgiving netted a generous \$8,400,000, comfortably more than the initial target of \$7,000,000.

Much of the giving reflects the tactical problem faced by white religious leaders, particularly liberal Protestants: how to commit their churches to the aid of blacks without seeming, at the same time, to commit them to Forman's call to a black-led revolution. The experience of Riverside Church's chief minister, the Rev. Dr. Ernest Campbell, is typical. Though Riverside was noted for its active social ministry long before Forman's invasion, it is now seeking to raise \$450,000 in a new Fund for Social Justice. The money will be distributed only after

### The Magic of Matsu

MILLIONS of mainland Chinese may have found another sort of faith in their devotion to the wisdom of Chairman Mao, but on Taiwan the island people still cling to their ancient folk religion, a heady mixture of Buddhist, Taoist and Confucian beliefs and practices. None of the old gods and goddesses is more popular than the gentle Matsu, patroness of fishermen and seafarers. According to legend, Matsu was a devout 9th century girl who acquired divine powers at her early death. Pioneer Chinese settlers credited her with protecting them on their trip across the Taiwan Strait 350 years ago.

Last week thousands of islanders streamed into the sleepy seaport town of Peikiang for the goddess's annual birthday celebration. While there are 383 Matsu temples on the island, Peikiang's is the oldest, and thus the most revered. Carrying their Matsu idols in little sedan chairs, the pilgrims jammed Peikiang's streets, exploding firecrackers and enjoying such sights as a parade of elegant floats, like the one at right, portraying ancient Chinese legends.



LAWRENCE C. CHANG

## Rockwell Report

by Clark Daugherty, President

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



**Our man in Logan County, Kentucky,** and their "Man of the Year" in 1970, is Harry Whipple. In reviewing his civic contributions, Russellville's *News-Democrat* noted that he came to town to build the area's first industrial plant in 1955 — and hasn't stopped yet. They didn't just mean the additions to Rockwell's original die-casting facility, but the part Harry has played in building a growing industrial base for the county's economy.

The role of unofficial industrial developer is not an unusual one for our plant managers: Rockwell was the first industrial company in Kearney, Nebraska; Tupelo, Mississippi; Sulphur Springs, Texas and Porterville, California. And as "pioneers," our managers' opinion was sought out and carried weight with those who followed.

But seeing an area's economy develop is only one of the satisfying aspects of their jobs, they tell us. Some others are the lasting esprit de corps that's built at the same time the plant is; seeing a generation get the option of college for the first time; and, in Harry Whipple's case, having the kids know you and call you by name. It's really good to know the community is proud of Harry — so are we.

**Meters for trophies:** The manager of our gas meter plant in Sheridan, Arkansas, has an unusual trophy on his mantel. It's a gold-plated gas meter — the one-millionth meter produced at the plant since its opening seven years ago.

There are two other meters like it and those were awarded to our other gas meter plants when they passed their one-million mark.

With developments like our second generation Turbo-Meters, the new 1000 cfm meter and remote reading meters for the home, we hope it isn't too long before our plant managers will have to make room on their mantels. We'll be more than happy to furnish the trophies.

**New band leader:** Our Power Tool Division has just introduced a production band saw that sells for only \$8,150. And only is the right word because this is a fully automatic machine with the controls, capacity (up to 12" diameter rounds), and cutting accuracy of units costing \$3-4,000 more.

We're also offering this unique saw in five additional models to give the buyer a choice of capacities and prices that he has never had before. These models, priced from \$1,300 to \$4,500 will handle six, seven and 10-inch rounds and are available in manual or automatic models. They all improve cutting accuracy and production with substantial cost savings.

recipients' projects are approved by an independent, minority-weighted board. Black militants have decried that arrangement as continued white domination. Responds Campbell: "You wouldn't want us to leave half a million dollars in a brown bag on Lenox Avenue, would you?"

The manifesto has had other unintended results. The black church itself has split over Forman's tactics, which point inevitably toward black separatism. Bishop Stephen Spottswood of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church has attacked the manifesto, while the National Committee of Black Churchmen has served as a channel for funds to B.E.D.C. And indirectly, Forman gave the Jewish Defense League its push into prominence: the league's first widely publicized action was its unasked-for "protection" of a New York synagogue supposedly threatened by Forman-like black disruptions.

Those by-products, however, are minor results of Forman's call to arms — as was the trickle of money to B.E.D.C. More significant is the growing response to the clear need of the poor, the rejected and the dispossessed.

### Till Divorce Do Us Part

"To love, cherish and obey, till death do us part, according to God's holy ordinance." Despite the escapades of its founder, King Henry VIII, the Church of England has always taken those venerable words of the wedding service literally. The Anglican stand against divorce cost the Duke of Windsor his throne and Princess Margaret her first love, Peter Townsend. The same rule holds for the Episcopal Church in the U.S., and the late Bishop James A. Pike quit the church because it refused to sanction his third marriage.\*

Last week a special Anglican commission unanimously recommended that the mother church start conducting weddings for divorced members. It said that there is nothing in theology or Scripture or reason to prevent a reversal of tradition if church members have reached a "moral consensus" in favor of change—a reference to the increasing number of divorces among Anglicans, as well as almost everyone else. The proposal, which would affect only Church of England members and not Episcopalians in the U.S. or Anglicans elsewhere, will be debated at a general synod this year. Though the English church can act on its own, it may wait for a decision from the world's Anglican bishops when they assemble again, seven years from now.

\* Pike's first marriage was annulled and his second marriage ended in divorce. In certain cases, the Episcopal Church offers a private procedure in which excommunicated divorced persons can apply to a bishop to "bless" their marriage and then readmit them to the church after suitable time and scrutiny. But, technically at least, there is no remarriage in the church.

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15206, makers of measurement and control devices, instruments, and power tools for 32 basic markets.



**Rockwell**  
MANUFACTURING COMPANY



There are only six  
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**TIMEX** makes them all.



And all give you electric accuracy. All give you the convenience of a watch that never needs winding. All are water and dust resistant. All have a beautiful price. Just \$25.

And you can have just about any of them with an automatic calendar for just \$30.

You've been waiting for an electric watch at an affordable price? You've got it.

**The Electric TIMEX.**  
It never needs winding.

Models illus. top to bottom: 760601,  
761511, 760701, 761601, 762701, 761501.

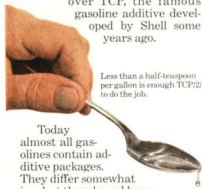
**Announcing TCP/2/<sup>TM</sup>  
-an improvement in  
Shell gasolines.**

**TCP/2/ helps keep  
your car in tune-  
for good mileage  
and fewer exhaust  
emissions.**



**1. TCP/2 helps keep your car in tune. This helps hold down exhaust emissions in newer cars, reduce emissions in many older cars—and helps to keep your mileage up.**

TCP/2 is Shell's name for a new combination of ingredients—what petroleum chemists call an "additive package." It is an improvement over TCP, the famous gasoline additive developed by Shell some years ago.



Less than a half-teaspoon per gallon is enough TCP/2 to do the job.

Today almost all gasolines contain additive packages. They differ somewhat in what they do and how well they do it. TCP/2 is an effective additive package that provides an improvement in the performance of Shell gasolines.

The effects of TCP/2 can be summed up as *helping to keep your car in tune*. Two of the main pollutants in your exhaust—carbon monoxide and unburned hydrocarbons—can go up when your car goes out of tune.

It would not be unusual for these emissions to soar as much as 50 percent before you even suspect it. By the time your car tells you it

needs a tune-up, emissions can be extremely high.

By helping your car to stay in tune, TCP/2 helps to stave off that serious increase in emissions.

TCP/2 can also have a favorable effect on gasoline mileage. When your car goes out of tune your mileage tends to go down. TCP/2 works to keep that from happening.

Read on to find out how TCP/2 can actually *reduce* emissions from many older cars—and *increase* their gasoline mileage.

**2. TCP/2 keeps new carburetors clean, and helps to clean up dirty ones. Works to hold emissions down and mileage up.**

When excessive deposits build up on the "throat" of your carburetor, your engine is no longer in tune. Emissions can rise dramatically, and mileage usually goes down.

If your car is several years old or more, deposits may have built up on your carburetor throat.

Although most of today's gasolines contain detergents that will keep clean carburetors clean, not all of today's detergents can cut down on these deposits once they've formed. TCP/2 does have that ability. It contains a new detergent combination that can start to clean up a dirty carburetor with just a few tankfuls of any Shell gasoline.

This can reduce exhaust emissions substantially. And it generally helps mileage, too.

**3. TCP/2 in both Shell and Super Shell helps extend spark plug life. This helps to hold emissions down and keep your mileage up.**

When spark plugs misfire, a lot goes wrong. Emissions go up, mileage goes down, acceleration is reduced—and you have to buy new plugs.

One of the components of TCP/2 works to prevent spark plug misfire. It combines chemically with certain deposits that build up on your plugs, and keeps those deposits from interfering with the normal spark.

Result: no misfiring caused by deposits to send emissions up and your mileage down (not to mention the good effects on spark plug life and acceleration).

Shell pioneered components of this type and Shell gasolines were the first to contain them.

TCP/2 also helps smooth out rough running in many worn engines that have lost compression.

And one of its components is a special *anti-icing ingredient*. It helps prevent an annoying form of stalling caused by carburetor icing before your engine is fully warmed up on cool, damp days.

**4. TCP/2 in non-leaded Shell of the Future helps protect against valve wear.**

One reason Shell of the Future can be made with no lead at all is a chemical element in TCP/2. This element works to protect your engine against possible valve wear.

Shell could have left some lead in Shell of the Future for the same purpose. But thanks to TCP/2, Shell has been able to remove all the lead.

**Good mileage and fewer emissions—they can go hand in hand.**



• Probably the most important thing you can do is get a tune-up. Over half of all cars on the road need a tune-up. If they all got one, total exhaust emissions in the U.S. would be reduced significantly (and in most cases the effect on mileage would be favorable). You

probably need a tune-up if your car is hard to start, runs rough—or if you haven't had one in 12 months.

• Then, to help your car stay in tune, use a Shell gasoline with new TCP/2. This will work to hold your emissions down—and to keep your mileage up.





### Will your insurance replace your house at today's prices?

Probably not, unless you've increased the value of your Homeowners insurance recently.

Because, inflation has increased the value of the average home by 43% over the past ten years. That means the house you paid \$25,000 for ten years ago could cost \$35,000 or more to replace today.

Don't gamble with insurance based on yesterday's prices. Let

your State Farm agent insure your home and your possessions for what they're worth today. With no worry about tomorrow, because a special inflation-coverage feature automatically increases the amount your policy pays, as inflation boosts the cost of things. Just one more reason to see a State Farm agent when your policy comes up for renewal.

A State Farm policy protects you from loss by fire, tornado, burglary, vandalism and more...at surprisingly low rates. It's the kind of coverage that has made us the world's largest home insurer.

State Farm Fire and Casualty Company, Home Office: Bloomington, Illinois.

State Farm is all you need to know about insurance.

**State Farm**  
inflation-coverage  
Homeowners  
Insurance





## ENVIRONMENT

### Earth Week and Beyond

After last year's Earth Day and this year's Earth Week, the next logical steps are Earth Year, Decade and Century. The crusade is at least getting cooler and saner. Instead of noisy confrontations, the 1971 "week" that ended April 25 ran to practical matters like arranging bottle pickups and improvising urban malls. New York City, for example, banned cars on Madison Avenue two hours a day for the entire week. Joining 38 Governors, President Nixon himself endorsed Earth Week, an action he did not feel it necessary to take on Earth Day, even though he was urged to do so by then Interior Secretary Walter Hickel.

Nixon had good reason to join the party. With the exception of his Administration's support for the abortive SST, the President has done his bit for ecoactivism over the past year. His Administration suspended potentially destructive projects like the Cross-Florida Barge Canal and deferred acting on the Alaska oil pipeline. It created the Environmental Protection Agency, an important new federal watchdog. It introduced 18 environmental bills in Congress, most of which deserve speedy passage.

**Quiet Lobbying.** Those bills also provided a rare instance of common interest between Nixon and the country's young activists. Last year on Earth Day, some students had nothing better to do than splash oil on the steps of the Interior Department. During Earth Week, youths pressed quietly, through low-key lobbying, for antipollution programs.

Elsewhere, thousands of citizens tackled a wide variety of Earth Week activities. Astronaut Rusty Schweickart, who spent ten days aboard Apollo 9, told a University of Houston audience that a space view of earth is no comfort. "Even at that distance," he said, "you can see evidence of pollution." Showing similar concern, the Ohio Public Interest Action Group launched a statewide fund-raising campaign to hire lawyers and scientists to represent the public in environmental cases. Goal: \$1,000,000.

Nearly 60 U.S. Senators co-sponsored a resolution offered by Wisconsin Democrat Gaylord Nelson that proposed an annual Earth Week. On a swing through the country, Nelson criticized General Motors Chairman James M. Roche, who had lambasted environmentalists for "irresponsible criticism" and unfairly harassing industry. "Those are strong words," commented Nelson, "coming from the head of a company which, with the other U.S. automakers, was charged by the Government with engaging for 15 years in a conspiracy not to compete in the development of pollution-control devices for the automo-



MANHATTAN STREET SCENE: MADISON AVENUE WITHOUT CARS  
Cooler and saner.

bile." (The case ended in a consent decree, with the companies pledging to perfect the controls.)

Though mostly serious, Earth Week was not without its zany moments. Malcolm & Hayes, a New York publishing firm, brought out a book called *Nursery Rhymes/For the Times*. Sample: "Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,/ Had a wife and wouldn't keep her;/ Her departure was most urgent,/ She kept washing with detergent." On a dare, an Ohio college student swam across Ohio's super-polluted Cuyahoga River—but only after donning a rubber wet suit and having himself inoculated against diseases that might be lurking in the brownish waters. "It wasn't the cold so much," he said afterward, "but the dirt and smell got to me."

**Golden Fox.** Environmental Action Inc., a group that last year helped organize Earth Day, is conducting an "ecotage" (for ecology and sabotage) contest. First prize for the best suggestion on how to tame polluters is a trip to Washington to receive a "Golden Fox" trophy. It is named for the famous "Fox" of Kane County, Ill. (TIME, Oct. 5), an anonymous ecoguerrilla who has conducted a colorful battle against polluters by blocking factory smokestacks and sewers and sloshing a corporate office with smelly piles of fish and river muck.

However amusing, such extremism is not a healthy way to combat pollution. Neither is the kind of choler displayed by Fortney Stark Jr., a California banker who delivered one of the country's angriest speeches. "Throw a few chairmen of the board in jail," Stark declared, "and you'll see pollution disappear quite rapidly. You'd also probably see some

pretty drastic prison reforms." Earth Week, though, should be a time of regeneration, not recrimination. This year, on the whole, it seemed headed in the right direction.

### Hysteria over Heads

The most confused polluters in America are the owners of the nation's estimated 1,500,000 pleasure boats. They contribute less than .07% of all sewage spilled into U.S. waterways, a drop in the slop bucket compared with the daily deluge from archaic municipal "treatment" plants, not to mention the wastes from waterside factories. Unorganized boatowners, though, seem an easier target than major polluters. The upshot is a flood of laws and regulations that boatmen consider arbitrary, capricious, discriminatory and unenforceable.

Most yachtmen are eager to keep waterways clean and clear. They want to swim and fish over the side without encountering colon bacteria and other health hazards. And until recently, they never thought of themselves as polluters. Although the traditional marine "head" simply flushes wastes through the side of the boat and into the water, such sewage, thanks to nature's purifying processes, used to be only a modest problem in fresh waters and no problem at all in tide-flushed coastal waters.

**Strong Difference.** Since the boating boom of the early 1960s, though, boatmen and lawmakers have agreed that old-fashioned heads are no longer adequate. But they differ strongly in their assessment of two newer ways to control boat sewage: 1) "primary treatment" on board in a device known as a mac-

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how to live  
successfully."**



Angus Williams, Manager of the Tampa, Florida, office of The Banker's Life Insurance Company, took the Dale Carnegie Course for purely business reasons: he wanted to do a better job of managing his employees. Then he realized that the overall benefits took him far beyond his original objective.

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erater-chlorinator, which vents the purified effluent over the side; or 2) an on-board holding tank requiring that the effluent be pumped out at a dock-side station, which in turn pumps it into a local sewage-disposal system.

The second method is now widely established in Midwestern states, which are understandably worried about boat pollution. Their lakes and rivers are the major source of public water supplies. Chicago, for example, draws all its drinking water from Lake Michigan. By city ordinance in 1967, Chicago's boatmen were required to install holding tanks. Though boatmen sputtered, the regulations were reasonable. For one thing, Chicago provided sufficient pump-out stations. Thus no boatman need be caught with an overflowing holding tank and no place to go. For another, the plumbing for direct overboard venting could be left in place; thus, boatmen could cruise to other areas that lacked pump-out stations. Because Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and Wisconsin have passed equivalent legislation, Lake Michigan will soon have uniform rules and facilities.

**Weekend Crush.** By contrast, New York State's new law makes no sense. Carelessly written in a seeming effort to make political capital out of the public concern over pollution, the statute relies heavily on holding tanks. State officials have outlawed any alternative overboard pumping systems. Yet the state has failed to provide, or require marinas to install, sufficient pump-out stations. After suspending enforcement for four years, New York decided to crack down this spring. Lawmen have been told that they may now board a boat without a warrant to ascertain whether it has an approved toilet. Operating a nonapproved toilet (or—as the law now reads—even being seasick over the side) is a misdemeanor that carries a \$100 fine or 60 days in jail, or both.

New York State has 124 pump-out stations—only 18 of them on the coasts. The New York side of Long Island Sound, plied by many thousands of boats, has only three stations. If only half of the 30,000 toilet-equipped boats in New York's coastal waters headed for the pump-out stations at the close of a weekend, there would be almost 1,000 boats lined up at each station; round-the-clock pumping would take about three weeks.

**Risking Explosion.** Many of New York's pleasure-boaters argue that they simply cannot obey the law as it is now being interpreted, and many law-enforcement officials agree. They are anxiously awaiting a court test of the confusing statute. In some craft, owners claim, installation of a holding tank is prohibitively expensive; in others it is physically impossible. Some boatowners are now using pails lined with disposable plastic bags—and then violating the law by surreptitiously jettisoning the bags rather than turn their floating homes into floating cesspools. Others

are installing compromise devices with small holding tanks good for about 50 flushes, which can then be carried ashore and spilled into the nearest toilet. Whatever the size of a holding tank, however, critics point out that its contents end up in municipal sewage plants—which in turn dump their often undereated effluent into waterways.

Even if New York's coasts had enough pump-out stations, interstate absurdities would remain. A boatman from New Jersey, which has no such law, is subject to being boarded and charged with an offense while passing through New York waters to Connecticut, which has no pump-out stations. A New Yorker leaving his home port on western Long Island Sound for Massachusetts or Maine is in violation of the law for the first few miles if he has an overboard flushing system. Yet he cannot cruise

JOHN BOATIN—CAMERA 5



**NEW YORK YACHTSMAN EMPTYING SLOP PAIL  
Interstate confusion.**

far beyond the Sound unless he has such a system. Meantime, critics say, his holding tank fills up and poses an other hazard: the possibility of explosion from gases generated by sewage.

The interstate confusion was supposed to be resolved by the federal Water Quality Improvement Act of 1970. This authorized the Government to supersede state boat-pollution laws. But the Environmental Protection Agency's Office of Water Quality has not yet decided what the nationwide standards should be. Although the 1970 law called for the best devices "within the limits of available technology," the EPA is caught between state officials, who reject all macerater-chlorinators, and boatmen, who point out that these devices are now so efficient (and superior to many land-based sewage plants) that they should be acceptable nationally. Until the issue is resolved, boatmen in New York and similar states may be marooned.

# "We're afraid to have a baby"



"There's hardly enough room to turn around. Food is scarce, so the cost is sometimes more than we can afford.

And then there are the poachers.

What chance does a kid have in a world like this?"

Save their world. A contribution to the African Wildlife Leadership Foundation will help buy this lion and his lioness room, food, and safety. And help make the place they live the kind of place where you can raise a family.

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**CAPRI**   
LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION

Capri Sport Coupe



# Guess who beat out Porsche, Mercedes, Jaguar, Aston Martin and Ferrari as "Import Car of the Year."

Road Test could have picked any import from the tiniest two-seater to the Rolls. Why Capri?

We quote: "When quality, quality control, appearance, luxury of trim, utility, handling and performance are all evaluated as a package at a given price, Capri shows as the winner."

They loved Capri's "international styling."  
"Outstanding handling." "Fine and sensitive rack-and-pinion steering."

They raved about Capri's 4-speed "silky-smooth floor shift." And power-assisted disc brakes up front.

And Road Test appreciates a little luxury. Like front buckets of soft vinyl "that looks and feels like leather." And an "attractively turned-out dash" in wood-grain effect.

Full carpeting. Styled steel wheels. Radial tires. Flow-thru ventilation. Room for four adults. Easy maintenance. And small-car gas economy.

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## MILESTONES

**Married.** Dino Martin, 19, jet-setting son of Dean Martin; and Olivia Hussey, 20, jade-eyed British actress and star of Franco Zeffirelli's 1968 film, *Romeo and Juliet*, both for the first time; in Las Vegas.

**Died.** Robert E. Peach, 51, former head of Mohawk Airlines; of self-inflicted gunshot wounds; in Clinton, N.Y. A World War II Navy bomber pilot who won two Distinguished Flying Crosses, Peach joined tiny Robinson Airlines (three planes) in 1945. After Robinson changed its name to Mohawk, he was elected president, and later board chairman. The driving force behind Mohawk's rapid rise to become the nation's 4th largest regional carrier, Peach was also the first president of a U.S. scheduled airline to hire a black stewardess.

**Died.** Russ Hodges, 60, veteran baseball announcer; of a heart attack; in Mill Valley, Calif. Though he held a law degree, Hodges opted for a \$25-a-week job broadcasting Cincinnati Red games in 1932. His enthusiastic delivery carried him to prosperity and New York, where he teamed with the Yankees' Mel Allen. In 1949 Hodges began his 22-year stint as "Voice of the Giants." His "Bye, Bye Baby" blessing for each Giant home run became his trademark and endured, as he did, when the Giants moved to San Francisco.

**Died.** Dr. François ("Papa Doc") Duvalier, 64, demagogic ruler of Haiti since 1957 (see THE WORLD).

**Died.** Major George Fielding Eliot, 76, military analyst; in Torrington, Conn. Eliot, who served as a reserve Army intelligence officer between 1922 and 1930, turned from writing war stories for pulp magazines to serious military commentary in 1928, subsequently publishing 15 books on military and international affairs. During World War II he wrote a widely syndicated New York *Herald Tribune* column and appeared regularly on CBS radio. A staunch advocate of seapower, he argued that the U.S. could build impregnable defenses without compromising democratic tradition.

**Died.** Pierre Luboshutz, 76, concert pianist; in Rockport, Me. Following his graduation from the Moscow Conservatory in 1912, Luboshutz served as accompanist for such personalities as Gregor Piatigorsky and Isadora Duncan. He also did scores for Stanislavsky productions including *Peer Gynt*. Luboshutz first came to the U.S. in 1928 and began performing piano duet concerts in 1937 with his wife, Genia Nemenoff. For 30 years they toured the world, winning critical praise and popular success with their subtle interpretations of Mendelssohn, Mozart and Brahms.

## THE THEATER

### Sportive Immortals

From the wonderful people who gave Broadway *Story Theatre* comes Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. If the current show seems a trifle less exhilarating than *Story Theatre*, it may be that Director Paul Sills' way with a fable is not applicable to every author. A childlike romp through the Grimm Brothers' goose-pimply fun house is distinctly different from a childlike romp through aphrodisiacal Jovian glades and bedrooms. It de-eroticizes Ovid. He has been altered, as one says of a cat. Ovid was a great worldly poet and wit. Arnold Weinstein, who freely adapted the *Metamorphoses*, is an infectious spoofer keenly aware of the uses of anachronism, from which much of the evening's humor arises.

All of the fables are done in mime, song and dance, plus direct asides to the audience. The performers are all toe-, tongue-, and letter-perfect. The company can boast of one of the standout contemporary clowns, Paul Sand. While he cannot reproduce the menagerie of animal sounds in this show that he does in *Story Theatre*, he is vastly amusing as a pixilated Mercury and equally funny as Phaeton, the cocky offspring of Phoebus (Apollo) who finds that he cannot actually control the horses that draw the chariot of the sun.

Among the faces and talents freshly added to *Metamorphoses*, Avery Schreiber is a comic treasure. Other resem-

bling a stocky, mustachioed Sicilian just off the grape treadmill, he is a muscle-brained Vulcan. Enraged to find his bride Venus cuckolding him with Mars, he exposes the pair in a hilariously crafty bungle. He is equally diverting as a Pygmalion who cannot get over how "real" his diaphanously clad Galatea is, a true lovely of a girl played by Mary Frann. Another splendid addition to the company is a lissome black dancer and actress, Paula Kelly, whose Circean seductiveness is apparent far past the footlights.

*Metamorphoses* may offer only a Cyclopean peek at Ovid's sportive immortals, but even Cyclops would agree that it is an amusing and salubrious eye-ful.

■ T.E. Kalem

### Doom Music

On June 21, 1939, Carlotta Monterey O'Neill, third wife of Eugene O'Neill, made the following diary entry: "A hot, sleepless night. Gene talks to me for hours—about a play (in his mind) of his mother, father, his brother and himself." That play was to be *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, the greatest drama ever written by an American. Apart from its power, honesty, wisdom, passion and compassion, the play is a notable example of how an act of personal exorcism—"to face my dead," as O'Neill put it—can emerge as an enduring work of art.

In an off-Broadway revival, the play is now being done with loving care, solid characterization, highly skillful acting and a melancholy sense of life's fatalities. O'Neill in this work strictly observed the Greek unities of time, place and action, and came closest to his lifelong aim of writing a neo-Greek tragedy. The story begins at breakfast time in New London, Conn., in 1912 and ends around midnight of the same day. The "four haunted Thyrones," as O'Neill renamed his family, establish a tension of rage and apology, followed by purgation in four self-revelatory monologues.

**Dense Reality.** Because of the casting of the two principal roles, James and Mary Tyrone, the play has a different focus than the original 1956 production. It might be argued that the change somewhat distorts O'Neill's intent. James (Robert Ryan) has toured the country for decades in a melodramatic potboiler, just as O'Neill's father did in *The Count of Monte Cristo*. Edwin Booth once praised James' Othello, and he is haunted by the self-betrayal of his gifts. Ryan never quite suggests the commanding matinee-idol presence that Fredric March brought to the role.

On the other hand, Geraldine Fitzgerald gives a far denser reality to the role of the morphine-addicted wife than Florence Eldridge did. Eldridge seemed more absent-minded and scatterbrained than deeply disturbed and confused.

ALAN S. TEPPER



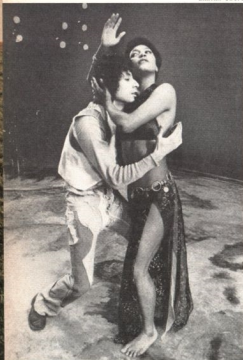
RYAN & FITZGERALD IN "JOURNEY"  
Unities of time, place, action.

Fitzgerald is the shy convent girl, the impish coquette and the victim of the lonely despair of a thousand one-night stands spent in second-rate hotels. She blends these elements into a consummately poignant portrait of a woman for whom drugs are the only surcease from sorrow. She, rather than the father, seems to dominate the play.

As the drunken older brother, James Jr., Stacy Keach lacks something of Jason Robards' Broadwayish flamboyance but reflects the role with more guilt-racked anguish. James Naughton has the same difficulty that Bradford Dillman had in the original in suggesting the steely resolve that the tubercular young Edmund (really Eugene O'Neill himself) must have possessed to wrest his genius from these stricken souls.

The O'Neills were a family of intimate and obsessive intensity, and Director Arvin Brown and his players never let us forget it. The dialogue is the music of doom as if played by a great string quartet. Years after the play had been written, Carlotta O'Neill recalled that "when he started *Long Day's Journey*, it was a most strange experience to watch that man being tortured every day by his own writing. His eyes would be all red, and he looked ten years older than when he went in the morning. I think he felt freer when he got it out of his system. It was his way of making peace with his family—and himself." In the end, O'Neill had forgiven everyone who had scarred him, except the gods.

■ T.E.K.

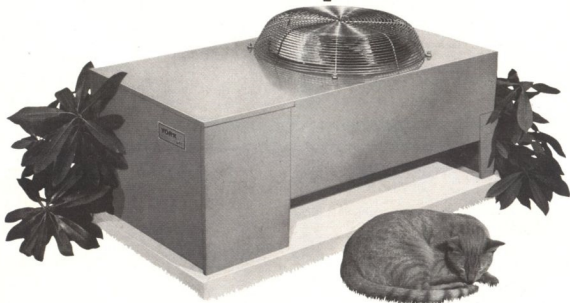


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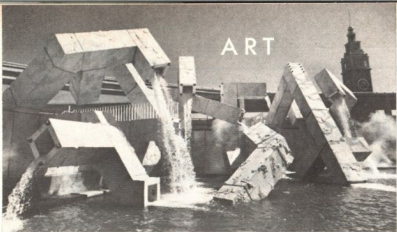
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NEW FOUNTAIN ON SAN FRANCISCO'S EMBARCADERO PLAZA

## War Whoop for Freedom

"Stonehenge unhinged with plumbing troubles," griped one local critic. Another called it "the funeral of beauty in art," and an environmental vigilante committee proposed to bring to the dedication a large papier-mâché dog that would expel a mass of papier-mâché feces at the climax of the ceremony.

The object of all this controversy was the new fountain on San Francisco's Embarcadero Plaza. A monumental structure of squared concrete tubes, cantilevering in all directions above a five-sided pool, it was designed by Canadian Sculptor Armand Vaillancourt, 38, who won the commission in a competition judged by Landscape Architect Lawrence Halprin. To cap it all, on the eve of dedication day last week some vandal stenciled QUÉBEC LIBRE in red paint on the fountain.

The graffiti was duly erased with white paint before the ceremony. The sun shone, a rock band played, and dignitaries assembled on a platform at the fountain's top—Halprin, the San Francisco Redevelopment Agency's Executive Director M. Justin Herman and other officials, including Director Thomas Hoving of Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art. A crowd of several hundred people collected in the plaza below. Suddenly there was a ripple, a movement, a collective rush to the pool. For there, stomping about waist-deep in the water, was the vandal of the night before: black sweater and beard, dark hair hanging below his shoulders and a new can of red paint, with which he

SCULPTOR VAILLANCOURT IN HIS FOUNTAIN

was vigorously stenciling another QUÉBEC LIBRE on the fountain. He was not arrested. He was, as it turned out, none other than the artist himself, Armand Vaillancourt.

On the platform, Hoving and the civic dignitaries droned out their genial platitudes while Vaillancourt waded to and fro beneath them, imprinting more QUÉBEC LIBRES on his fountain. Now and then, he advanced to the mikes and cameras at the pool's rim to explain in loud and broken English his rage at "compromises," which, he claimed, Halprin and the Redevelopment Agency had pressed on him. Defacement? "I am not defacing my sculpture." Did he repudiate it? "No, no. It's a joy to make a free statement. This fountain is dedicated to all freedom. Free Quebec! Free East Pakistan! Free Viet Nam! Free the whole world!"

"If our artist is in the audience," said Herman, with apparently some ironic intent, "will he please raise his hand so that we may applaud him?" From poolside, his feet still dangling in the water, the maestro put his hand to his mouth and uttered a piercing Indian war cry.

Vaillancourt has done numerous other sculptural commissions in Canada, including two for Expo 67. Politics aside, his San Francisco fountain is a most impressive piece of urban statuary, giving a much needed accent to the wide expanse of Embarcadero Plaza. But the furious Vaillancourt refuses to admit that there can be any separation of art from politics. "I am a very emotional man," he explained. "It is all the same thing." Then, prodding his middle finger upward in the direction of the speakers' platform, he added: "And if they do not like it, f--- them."

## Luminous Messenger

One tends to imagine the history of Italian art as a formidable seamless block of marble, smoothed and polished by generations of research. In fact, its surface is pocked with holes left by artists whose names, but very little of whose work, survive. Next to nothing is known about their lives and personalities. One of these was Michelino da Besozzo, who came from Pavia and became the leading artist in early 15th

century Milan. Nearly all Michelino's work is lost, but most of what remains was recently bought by New York's Pierpont Morgan Library. It consists of a tiny (64 in. by 44 in.) prayerbook, containing 22 miniatures on vellum that Michelino painted sometime around 1420. John Plummer, the Morgan's curator of medieval and renaissance manuscripts, compares his new treasure with such supreme achievements of manuscript painting as the *Très Riches Heures* of the Duc de Berry. Michelino's contemporaries in Milan could well have agreed: one of them called him "the most excellent of all the painters in the world," which, even allowing for the ritual hyperbole of renaissance prose, is still a startling tribute.

**Divine Gesture.** The Morgan's prayerbook is a luminous messenger from the culture of the late medieval Italian courts—a world now as dead as the turned face of the moon and less visible. Manuscript illumination was the most private of all arts, tiny in scale, introverted and forbiddingly difficult to do, a matter of brush strokes one-fiftieth of an inch long and burnished dots of gold no bigger than a flake of cigarette ash. Unlike the grand-scale media of stained glass and fresco—which Michelino also worked in, though little he made has survived—an illuminated manuscript was frequently aimed at an audience of one: the patron who ordered it. Consequently, their owners must have experienced them not only as marvelous and jewel-like artifacts but also as a proof of class power: books which only privileged friends could read or see.

Undemocratic though this may be, it had one good effect: because they were protected from the light in a closed book, miniatures did not fade as did exposed paintings. The Michelino prayerbook's vermilions, blues and earthy pinks are as resonant as they must have been when, 550 years ago, they were stippled in.

Line, not mass, is the essence of Michelino's style. A melodious tracery of arabesques invests every shape he depicted, tying them together. Pattern delighted him. The way he selected a flower as a motif and set his figures against a whole screen of them, the petals interlocking with reverse shapes of gold leaf, was a master stroke of decorative invention that seems both to look back to Moorish tile work and predict art nouveau.

Michelino's style was not grand. When he painted the Holy Trinity as a single figure of God, seated in a mandorla of angels' wings, the authority of divine gesture was almost lost in the flow of gold drapery. But this incessant undulation of line gives the forms of Mary and Elizabeth a rhythm that rarely appears in such epigrammatic form until Botticelli. Michelino's figures, whether of Christ rising from the tomb or his Disciples laying him in it, are refined to a trace-like stillness; their flesh and robes seem translucent, as if emitting light in a space without shadows.

• Robert Hughes





— Saluatio virginis et elizabeth.



The Meeting of Mary and Elizabeth

Sauca Trinitas una de.



The Holy Trinity

Sabbato sancto.



The Entombment of Christ

Resurrectio Ihu xpi. gloria



The Resurrection



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## SPORT

### Magic on the Withlacoochee

When not dreaming of the Big Strike, bass fishermen are forever trying to hook their friends on Micropterus salmoides, the wily and voracious largemouth bass. Such was the case when Correspondent Sam Iker, a self-certified "bass nut," lured Associate Editor Ray Kennedy to Dunnellon, Fla., for a long weekend of fishing on the Withlacoochee River. Kennedy's report:

The shoebox under my arm contained a tangled reel, a 25¢ red-and-white bobber and a dozen rusty hooks—the remnants of a summer of bluegill fishing with the children. Anglin' Sam came armed for an amphibious invasion. As he checked out his gear with John Wilhelm Sr., one of Florida's foremost bass fishermen, Sam unpacked armfuls of monogrammed rods and gleaming reels, a stack of *Bassmaster* magazines and a tackle box as big as a footlocker. Unfolding like a Chinese puzzle, the box was crammed with all kinds of hardware, first-aid supplies, rod cement, hooks, hook sharpener, pork rinds, floaters, stringers, sinkers and shelf upon shelf of popeyed flies, silver spoons, plastic worms, rubber frogs and fake snakes. "You forgot your harpoon," said John.

What is so special about the largemouth bass? I asked. "They'll battle you all the way into the boat and then bite your leg," said John. "They'll hit anything that moves," said Anglin' Sam. "They'll gulp down crawfish, rice birds, ducklings, water moccasins—anything," said John. "They're the smartest, most unpredictable and most sought-after fish in the world," said Anglin' Sam. "And they taste good," said John.

When I asked for a few tips, John offered to show me the proper way of baiting up on the river. He cupped a lure in his hands and turned his back. I said I couldn't see what he was doing. "Exactly!" he exclaimed. "Neither can the bass. You let one of those Withlacoochee monsters see your bait, and they'll jump up and snap it right out of your hands."

**Local Monster.** No one in Dunnellon, a lazy, little (pop. 1,146) inland town near Ocala, is above the Chamber of Commerce come-on. The town bills itself as the "Home of the World's Largest Bass," and everywhere from the Dinner Bell Restaurant to Bass Galore Village ("Fishing Headquarters, U.S.A.") are mounted specimens to prove it. Up at Joe L. Cobb Inc., Realtors, Joe has a photograph on the wall memorializing the morning he and a friend boated 18 bass totaling 124 lbs. in "2½ wild and wonderful hours." Down at Buckey's Sports Center, the natives tell of the local version of the Loch Ness monster, a wicked old mossback called "Ol' Geronimo," who "goes 30 lbs. if he's

an ounce." Next door at the Belair Resort, Proprietor W.C. Jefferson laments the passing of Charlie, an 8-lb. pet bass that would nose up to the motel's dock for lunch. When one native let it drop that he had recently pulled a 16-pounder out of a "special hole" in the river, Sam's eyes pinwheeled. "Where's the hole?" he demanded. "Where?" The native just smiled.

It was late afternoon when we checked into one of the riverfront cottages at Sally's Fishing Lodge. Anglin' Sam hustled me into an outboard motorboat, and we went putting out onto the river, jouncing over an obstacle course of submerged logs and stumps. The desolate, swampy beauty of the Withlacoochee was stunning. The shoreline was overhung with massive oaks, fanleaved palmettos and knobby cypress trailing veils of Spanish moss. A bull alligator as big as a battleship slithered off a rubbery bank. A bald eagle stood sentinel atop one of the dead stumps towering out of the weedy black shallows. "Bass country," said Anglin' Sam.

Maybe so, but after three hours we had not had a single bite. Dusk was approaching, but Anglin' Sam, that glazed look in his eye, insisted on "just one more cast." One hour, several snags and no nibbles later, a light rain began to fall. "Just one more cast," said Sam.

**Finny Brutes.** Next morning Sam hauled me out of bed at 6 o'clock. The mist was just beginning to lift off the water when Sam's rod suddenly arched. I couldn't watch, for at that very instant something else was tugging mightily at my line. Rearing back, I saw a flash of white underbelly, and all at once the fightingest fish I ever saw did a half gainer right in front of me and dove under some lily pads. Several frantic moments later, while Sam shouted instructions and I tried to keep from falling out of the boat, we both pulled in nearly identical 3-lb. largemouths. There wasn't time to savor the moment; immediately those finny brutes hit again and again in what the locals call the "Withlacoochee magic hour." When it was all over we had netted 15 bass, each between 1½ and 4 lbs.

That evening, the fishermen at Sally's camp gathered under the oak trees to do what for them is the next best thing to bass fishing—talking about bass fishing. Some got into long discussions about whether the Nip-I-Diddee plug or the Heddon Torpedo works best on a cloudy day. Others, conspiring like witch doctors, argued whether lures rubbed with catfish-bladder oil or a potion made of anise, strawberry soda pop and cheap bourbon is the most likely to attract the big "kegmouths." George

■ The world-record largemouth was caught at Montgomery Lake, Ga., by George Perry in 1932. Its weight: 22 lbs. 4 oz.

Gregory, a stagehand from Columbus, Ohio, told of his long-running battle with Ol' Geronimo. "He sits out there in a ring of cypress," he said, "just defying you to take him. The first time I tangled with him he snapped my rod in two. So then I went after him with a deep-sea rod and 40-lb. test line. Wham! He hit my shiner, dove under the boat and straightened the hook flat out. He's a world record, but nobody will ever catch him."

**Just One More.** Two days later, when I pulled Anglin' Sam out of bed at 5 a.m., he remarked that I had a funny glazed look. "Bass on the brain," he called it. The odd smell in the air—a combination of pork rind, outboard motor oil, anise and fish scales—he called "essence of largemouth." That afternoon, while twitching purple-plastic worms off the bottom, I had a strike

PICTORIAL PARADE



LARGEMOUTH BASS BREAKING WATER  
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that seemed to turn the boat around. When I set the hook, it felt like there was an anvil on the other end. Diving and circling the boat, the enormous thing finally came boiling out of the water. Then it tore off for a weed bed and snapped the 20-lb. test line like a kite string. That evening under the oaks I told of my adventure with a "lunker as big as a beer barrel in this special hole in the backwaters." "Where's the hole?" one fisherman asked. "Where?" I just smiled.

Next morning, while Anglin' Sam packed his gear for the jet trip back to civilization, I strolled down to the dock to take a few practice casts. On the first toss a bass picked off my Rapala CD-11S in mid-air. The largemouth weighed just under 5 lbs., my biggest take of the weekend. I kept casting, oblivious to pleadings that we had to go. "Just one more cast," I said. "Just one more."





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## SCIENCE

### A Salyut for Russia

Cosmodromes on the barren steppes of Kazakhstan trembled with the thunder of departing rockets last week. An unmanned space vehicle named *Salyut* (Salute) roared off its launch pad and was sent into a near-earth orbit. It was followed four days later by a three-man crew in Soyuz (Union) 10. As many as three additional Soyuz ships were reported poised to join the others in orbit. Ten years after Yuri Gagarin's pioneering flight, the Soviet Union had seemingly begun its most ambitious venture into space: a long-expected attempt to assemble a manned station in earth orbit.

The launch of *Salyut*—believed to be a cylindrical craft 60 ft. long, 30 ft. in diameter, and weighing as much as 50 tons—followed a week of rumors in Moscow and a call at last month's 24th Soviet Communist Party Congress for a "piloted orbiting station." Hailed by headlines in Moscow newspapers, *Salyut* seemed clearly intended to function as the core unit of what Russian sources called an "orbiting shish kebab," with a number of manned spacecraft attached to it.

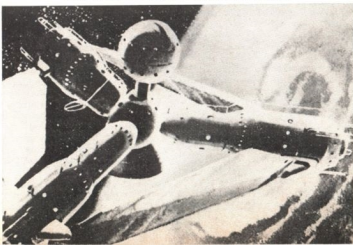
**Switched Emphasis.** Then, during the predawn hours Friday, Western radio telescopes picked up a second craft racing in pursuit of *Salyut*. Observers saw the two ships, shining as brightly as first-magnitude stars, crossing the night skies of northern Europe. Actually, Soyuz 10 was given a bigger boost than intended, and it arced into a 130- by 154-mile orbit, placing it above *Salyut's* path. Observed Flight Commander Vladimir Shatalov, 43: "Looks like you threw us up a bit too high. Well, it doesn't matter, we'll fix it." By briefly firing Soyuz's engine, the crew lowered the spacecraft's orbit. At week's end they had rendezvoused and docked successfully with *Salyut* for 5½ hours. But then Soyuz undocked and returned its three-man crew safely to earth, inexplicably leaving the space station's

central unit, *Salyut*, alone in orbit.

Since switching their emphasis to space stations—after it became obvious that the U.S. would be first to land men on the moon—the Russians have been stressing the practical aspects of orbiting laboratories. Said U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences President Matisslav Keldysh last month: "These stations will make it possible to engage in all-round investigation of the globe and the near-earth space in the interests of meteorology, geophysics, oceanology and other branches of knowledge." Keldysh even mentioned plans to gather solar energy at such stations and beam it to earth for conversion to electrical power.

**Run and Stop.** Space stations have other advantages unmentioned by the Russians. Aside from making telescopic spying and communications eavesdropping more effective, a well-outfitted space lab can easily detect the thermal wake left, for example, by a nuclear submarine. Some Western scientists have even worried aloud about the possibility of space piracy; in previous space experiments, the Russians have already demonstrated the ability to chase and destroy one satellite with another. Had the current Soviet mission fulfilled its rumored goal of assembling a complex space station, it would have opened a two-year lead over the U.S., accomplishing what NASA has planned for its first Skylab. Using leftover Apollo hardware, three or more astronauts at a time are scheduled to orbit in a converted S-4B rocket for as long as 56 days in 1973. Further cuts in NASA's budget, however, might delay or even doom Skylab. In Houston last week Astronaut Alan Shepard discussed the woes of the U.S. space program that have been caused by erratic funding. "We shouldn't run and stop," he warned, "and then run and stop again." The challenge of *Salyut*, during this or one of its subsequent missions, like that of Sputnik in 1957, may well be what it takes to get the U.S. space program running again.

RUSSIAN ARTIST'S VERSION OF FUTURE SPACE STATION





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## SHOW BUSINESS

# The Once and Future Follies

*Nostalgia ain't what it used to be.*  
—Peter De Vries

THE newest hot ticket on Broadway these days—\$55 a pair from scalpers—is an admission to a haunted house. Elegiac strains of the '20s, '30s and '40s hover in the wings. Ectoplasmic chorines, all beads and feather boas, wander across the stage like Ziegfeld girls come back to life. Characters are at once 19 and 49. Time bounces off the walls, like sound and light brilliantly altered and distorted.

The show at the Winter Garden Theater\* is called *Follies*, a title self-consciously suggesting irony and double meanings. At its worst moments, *Follies* is mannered and pretentious, overreaching for Significance. At its best moments—and there are many—it is the most imaginative and original new musical that Broadway has seen in years.

At first look *Follies* would seem to be part of the nostalgia boom, which has America glancing myopically backward at its own past (see TIME ESSAY, page 77) and has turned the Manhattan stage into a revival. The trend toward old goldies began on Broadway in May 1969 with a production of the Hecht-MacArthur war horse about a journalist that never was: *The Front Page*, starring Robert Ryan. The play whetted the theater audience's appetite for aging stars and graying gags. After it galloped *Three Men on a Horse*, *Our Town* with Henry Fonda, Noel Coward's *Private Lives*, the adventures of the Marx brothers in *Minnie's Boys*, Helen Hayes and James Stewart in *Harvey*. Some musical comedies, like 1968's *Dames at Sea*, were a pastiche of the past, filling off-Broadway with tinkling resonances of Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler. Some took old movies, tricked them out with old stars and called themselves new—like *Applause*, which is a face-lifting of *All About Eve*, plus orchestra and Lauren Bacall.

### A Sense of Freshness

No, No, Nanette, of course, outnostalgiaed them all. The hell with getting someone like Ruby Keeler and Patsy Kelly; they went out and got Keeler and Kelly, plus good old Busby Berkeley to go through his bag of geriatric routines. The show is a collage of rickety-ticky-tacky, but it shines because of the adroit staging of Burt Shevelove and the even more adroit hoofing of Helen Gallagher and Bobby Van.

The genuine surprise in the nostalgia nonsense is not the durability of the vehicles or the performers, but the sense

of freshness emerging from all this wallowing in memory. That, precisely, is the delight of *Follies*. Superficially, its cast may appear to be just another line-up of *Late Show* dropouts; and its theme could have been one more excuse to laugh or cry at the kind of song and dance that dazzled a less sophisticated generation. But in its staging, and above all in its music and lyrics, *Follies* is astonishingly futuristic—more modern, really, than that calculated rock-beat ode to the counter-culture, *Hair*.

### Full of Ghosts

*Follies* is almost sans plot. Just before his old Broadway theater is to be torn down, Impresario Dmitri Weismann (read Flo Ziegfeld) orders a first and last reunion of his celebrated performers. All the familiar types attend: Phyllis, the leggy brunette (Alexis Smith) who married well; Sally, the third-from-the-left blonde (Dorothy Collins) who didn't. The bolero-dancing couple (Victor Griffin and Jayne Turner) who bought a Fred Astaire franchise ("Styles change; you never can tell"), the wisecracking queen bee (Yvonne De Carlo) with her hive of young drones; the feathery Continental (Justine Johnston) who remembers Franz Lehár dedicating a waltz to her ("Liebchen, it's for you." Or was it Oskar Straus? Facts never interest me. What matters is the song").

Unlikely ingredients for forward-looking theater. But around these stereotypes and monotypes the past swirls and flickers, a tincture of antique dreams and topical allusions. *Follies* is a play full of ghosts. The young hopefuls whom Weismann nurtured scatter their lines across the stage and run unseen by their older living images—a double exposure in three dimensions. The principals are, literally, beside themselves with grief. For, as it happens, the Weismann theater is not the only institution awaiting the wrecking ball. The other is marriage. Sally and her glib, skirt-chasing husband Buddy (Gene Nelson) have become pathetic caricatures of the Andy Hardy couple they once were—naïveté swallowed by facts. Phyllis and her acrid WASP's-nest of a husband Ben (John McMartin) are glamour gone dry, a wasteland with wedding rings.

If youth knew, if age could: the theme resounds in the crossfire between past and present until, in a series of antinostalgic metaphors, each of the stars takes off the public mask and appears in his own Folly. It is a vaudevillification of their benighted circumstances, in which the truth shines like a spotlight. For the first half of the evening, the stage has been shrouded in melancholy; dim lighting, faded hope, blunted ambition. But in the intensely person-



ALEXIS SMITH (1941)



YVONNE DE CARLO (1953)



DOROTHY COLLINS (MID-'50s)

\* Now in its 60th year, the theater was once the home of the original Ziegfeld *Follies*.



*The ghost of a butterfly beauty hovers behind "Follies" Girls Alexis Smith, Yvonne De Carlo and Dorothy Collins.*



*Ethel Shutta, 74, belts "Broadway Baby."*



*Alexis Smith, in her surrealistic "Follies" number, stops the Gene Nelson's gymnastic "Buddy's Folly."*







show with the antic, bespangled "Story of Lucy and Jessie."

Showgirls costumed as "Follies" phantoms.



Yvonne De Carlo rejoices "I'm Still Here."





Kathie Dalton (center) leads the "Follies" showgirls in the spectacular "Loveland" sequence.

GERMINE DRELL



BILL PIERCE

John McMartin and chorus get a nostalgic kick out of "Ben's Folly."

al, Ziegfeld-like "Loveland" sequence, lights and color suddenly challenge the eye, an amber paintbox opened in the sun. This visual dazzle is reminiscent of Vincente Minnelli's movie musicals—notably the focal ballet in *An American in Paris*. Onstage, it has never been mounted with such unflinching skill.

#### An Old Tradition

Every musical aims for at least one show-stopper. *Follies* can count on two. The first is *Who's That Woman?* Seven of the aging *Follies* girls, led by that infallible comedienne Mary McCarty, re-enact an old routine, ostensibly to mirrors. From the indistinct background, their youthful selves emerge—backs to the audience, as if a reflection: new vamps for old. The symmetry of the ballet—choreographed by *Follies* Co-Director Michael Bennett—is never violated for a quarter-note. When an old girl turns, her "reflection" makes the selfsame move in reverse, a feat whose parallel can only be found in the trickery that cinema allows. The second crescendo is Alexis Smith's *Story of Lucy and Jessie*, a flame-red, high-kicking number in the old top-hat-and-tails tradition, an echo of a Cole Porter patter song:

Lucy is juicy  
But terribly drab.  
Jessie is dressy  
But cold as a slab.  
Lucy wants to be dressy,  
Jessie wants to be juicy,  
Lucy wants to be Jessie,  
And Jessie Lucy. You see  
Jessie is racy  
But hard as a rock.  
Lucy is Lucy  
But dull as a smock.  
Jessie wants to be Lucy,  
Lucy wants to be Jessie,  
That's the sorrowful précis,  
It's very messy.

Critics and audiences alike have responded with enthusiasm to *Follies*' stylistic inventiveness. There is less unanimity of feeling about the theme. Some—including TIME's T.E. Kalem—found in it Proustian resonances. Some contend that James Goldman, whose screenplay for *The Lion in Winter* won a 1968 Oscar, has supplied less of a book than a book jacket. For Phyllis, he wrote some pseudo-sophisticated, Manhattanite monologues that are better read than said.

Such speeches are mercifully few—remnants, perhaps, of the play that never was. *Follies* took shape more than five years ago when nostalgia was a euphemism for camp. In those days it was called *The Girls Upstairs*, a backstage murder mystery set in melody. Producer David Merrick (*Hello, Dolly!*) held the first option; he loved the score, loathed the book. The project was jettisoned. One producer later, it ended in the court of Hal Prince, who agreed to produce and direct.

At 43, bearded like the pard, Prince

is one of the theater's most formidable figures. At 26 he co-produced his first show, *Pajama Game*. Four years later he was enough of a Broadway inside joke to be lampooned as the hyperthyroid boy-wonder impresario of *Say, Darling*. The producer of such hits as *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* and *Fiddler on the Roof*, and producer-director of *Cabaret*, *Company* and *Follies*, he is not treated like a figure of fun any more.

With unnecessary modesty, Prince describes his role in the shaping of *Follies* as "a moderator, a mediator, someone to take the blame." Not quite so. If writers had the final play on words, it was Prince who enjoyed the ultimate word on plays. He discovered what came

script was as close to plotless as you can get." So plotless, in fact, that roles were inserted when socko auditions were delivered by Actresses Ethel Shutta and Fifi d'Orsay—who premiered in 1925 with Gallagher and Shean in the *Greenwich Village Follies*. They were found subjects as, in a way, was Yvonne De Carlo, who seemed wrong for the role of Phyllis but fit perfectly the rebuilt part of Carlotta, the mantrap. Prince also was the man who finally decided that Alexis Smith as Phyllis would lend the show a permanent radiance that does not acknowledge the movement of the clock.

At that point Prince had acquired the show's two greatest assets, disparate but complementary: Smith and Sond-

CULLEN PICTURES



THE ORIGINAL ZIEGFELD FOLLIES GIRLS (CIRCA 1917)  
A little more hip, a little more breast.

heim, the star of another era and the lyricist of today; the enduring actress and the volatile writer; the svelte woman and the stylish woman.

to be the show's essential conception in Eliot Elisofon's picture of Gloria Swanson amid the ruins of Manhattan's Roxy Theater, a baroque movie palace that was demolished in 1960. "That sparked the whole notion of rubble—how it relates to the past and present." Prince set Composer-Lyricist Stephen Sondheim, who collaborated with him on *Forum* and *Company*, to work emulating typical mid-'20s and '30s show tunes for the "Loveland" sequence, and devised the flowing, cinematic style of the play. He also gave Costume Designer Florence Klotz one great illumination: *Follies* was to be a "Fellini musical."

Writer Goldman turned out no less than 13 drafts for his new producer. The story began to take on dimension and life when Prince suggested that the title be changed. "Before, the play was full of action," Prince recalls. "The new

heim, the star of another era and the lyricist of today; the enduring actress and the volatile writer; the svelte woman and the stylish woman.

Alexis Smith is the living, dancing refutation of F. Scott Fitzgerald's axiom that there are no second acts in American lives. At 49 she is in the best second act of her life. Her blue-green eyes catch the light and the audience's rapt attention; her body seems beyond the aspiration of girls half her age. She is simultaneously a source of awe, envy and consolation. Middle-aged men see her as carnality enshrined: the girl who stayed as young in life as in memory. Their wives think, if she can do it, I can do it. Just a few weeks of dieting and a little exercise . . .

And intelligence. And unbeatable, unbeatable cool. And a celluloid background that started unreeling 30 years



HAL PRINCE

*The ultimate word on plays.*

ago. A graduate of the starlet's academy, Hollywood High, she won her first lead in the war film *Dive Bomber*, but failed to land either Co-Star Errol Flynn or Fred MacMurray; both loved flying more. *Late Show* buffs can catch her around, but not quite in, movie musicals. She was Mrs. Cole Porter in *Night and Day* and George Gershwin's gal in *Rhapsody in Blue*. Customarily, though, she was Warner Brothers' snow queen, a frosty beauty about as seducible as the Statue of Liberty.

#### Made for the Role

In 1944 Alexis married Craig Stevens; as her career faded at the box office, his bloomed in the Nielsen. Craig's urbane TV detective series, *Peter Gunn*, lasted three years, and the show is still rerunning; neither of them needs to work. Still, Alexis was never successfully cast as Mrs. Front Porch. She dabbled in summer stock, took lessons in French, Italian, dancing, yoga, singing, speed reading. "Once I studied to get a realtor's license," she recalls. "If things didn't go well, I thought I could sell real estate." With legs like that? No way. Last year she began taking singing and dancing lessons in Hollywood. She needed them. The first time she auditioned for *Follies*, she was less than impressive. After her instruction, she auditioned again. Said Prince: "She's made for the role."

Her performance proved a triumph, demolishing even those reviewers who held the show at arm's length. Walter Kerr in the *Times* boomed: "Yes, Yes, Alexis! No, No, *Follies*!" Even Curmudgeon John Simon fell for the star at the expense of an early 19th century English clergyman: "Alexis, and not Sydney," he burred in *New York* magazine, "is the Smith of Smiths." Says she with the obligatory amount of modesty: "The acclaim is not that important. Listen, how many people's opinions do you really respect? Four or five? More than that is just pleasantry." But it is something more: the ovations of total strangers who agree that Alexis is proof of the pop poster's bottom line, TODAY IS THE FIRST DAY OF THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.

## Sondheim on Songwriting

**ON OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II.** Oscar taught me that a song should be like a little one-act play, with an exposition, a development and a conclusion; at the end of the song the character should have moved to a different position from where he was emotionally at the beginning. This was how Hammerstein and Dick Rodgers revolutionized the American theater. I mean, God knows every opera composer dating back to Monteverdi knew about development, but it was never used in the musical theater.

**ON COLE PORTER.** He wrote a valid but entirely different kind of song, in which you take a particular idea and play with it and develop it in terms of cleverness, wit, intellectual or romantic intensity. Essentially, Porter's songs restate ideas over and over again; he was just better at it than the others of his period.

**ON LORENZ HART.** Most people think that Hart is one of the two or three best lyric writers this country has ever known. I find him sloppy all the time. His lyric don't sit on the music properly. When he is just futzing around with words, he doesn't even do it neatly. He misaccents words. One example is in *Pal Joey*, the line in *Take Him*: "I know a movie executive/Who's twice as bright." It's a good joke, but you don't misaccent a word if you want to write a good lyric. Technically it's deficient and to my ear unprofessional.

**ON RHYMING.** Clever rhyming is easy. To rhyme orange is no trick at all. Anybody can do it. You can say

*an orange, or a porringer.*

Hammerstein said that the really difficult word to rhyme is a word like day, because the possibilities are so enor-

As with Alexis, the musical has given new life to a handful of other ex-luminaries:

**DOROTHY COLLINS.** Remember her? The singing companion of Snooky Lanson on television's *Your Hit Parade*. The put-on artist of *Candid Camera*? A local talent contest winner from Windsor, Ont., she was discovered by her first husband, Bandleader Raymond Scott, 17 years her senior. Her second, Tony Award Singer Ron Holgate (1976), is ten years her junior (she is 44). She has two children by her first marriage, one by her second. All three live with the Holgates in a pleasant Dutch colonial house in New Jersey. Dorothy's homebody role in *Follies*, like Alexis Smith's elegant one, seems perilously

close to type-casting. She is delighted to be in a smash, she says, but she would be just as happy to stay at home as the maturing Girl Next Door. "I like to clean house. I know. Crazy Sally, crazy Dorothy. But help is such a problem these days."

**YVONNE DE CARLO.** She played Lola Montez, Calamity Jane, Salome and Moses' wife. She was the *Flame of the Islands*, the *Buccaneer's Girl*, the *River Lady*, the *Scarlet Angel* and the *Captain's Paradise*. Best cleavage forward, Yvonne De Carlo (real name: Peggy Middleton, of Vancouver, B.C.) steamed her way through Hollywood, sometimes seriously but often as conscious self-parody. The wife of Hollywood Stunt Man Bob Morgan and mother of two boys, De Carlo, 48, is an exemplar of the John Wayne philosophy: go west and turn right. "The whole company kids me," she says. "They call me the fascist right-

#### BROADWAY CHORINES GLORIFY



FIFI D'ORSAY (1929)





mous. One of the things I've learned is that the way to get a laugh in a song is not through the cleverness of the rhyme but by what you're saying. The biggest laugh in *Forum* is the line in the warriors' song: "I am a parade." That's a brilliant line—and it's not mine, it's Plautus'.

**ON LYRICS AND POETRY.** Poetry exists in its conciseness, how much is packed into it; it's important to be able to read and reread it at your own speed. Lyrics exist in time, second to second to second. Therefore lyrics always have to be underwritten. You cannot expect an audience to catch more than the ear is able to catch at the tempo and richness of the music. The perfect example of this is *Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'*, the first part of which I'd be embarrassed to put down on paper. I mean, you just don't put down

*Oh, what a beautiful mornin',  
Oh, what a beautiful day . . .*

winger of the cast. One day Hal Prince and Alexis and I were talking about how expensive things could be. I said I knew what they meant because I was buying a box of Luger bullets in Virginia City, and I was amazed at how expensive they were. There was this shocked silence. I love to shoot, a lot of people do; so what? It's just target practice. I would never shoot an animal. Only targets—or people if they were attacking my house."

**ETHEL SHUTTA.** At 74 she could collect social security. Instead Ethel Shutta (pronounced Shuh-tay) gives her all as the old firecracker who makes *Broadway Baby* an incendiary number. "I'm the only woman in the cast who remembers Ziegfeld," she says. "In 1925 I was in the *Follies* as the comedienne." Her song: *I'm in Love with Eddie Cantor*. When her two sons were attending school at Horace Mann in The Bronx,

It's just ridiculous. What Oscar knew was that there was music to go with it. The minute that Dick Rodgers' music is added, the whole song has an emotional weight. I really think that *Oklahoma!* ran seven years on that lyric.

**ON PERIOD MUSIC.** I truly love the body of musical comedy of that period. The minute you hear the first line of the "Loveland" sequence song *You're Gonna Love Tomorrow*—"What will tomorrow bring./The pundits query"—it evokes an entire period. That's the kind of language they used. It could be parody, but obviously it's done with such affection and also it's really dealing with something. In *Follies* I imitate people. But in each of the pastiche songs, there's always something of me added to the imitation of Kern or Arlen or whoever it is. That's something I couldn't avoid—my own comment on the style.

Harold Prince was their schoolmate. Retired from Broadway for eight years, she was persuaded to stop playing grandmother and start playing *Follies*' superannuated swinger. "I don't think Ziegfeld had as many beautiful girls as we have in Prince's show," she says. "Of course, in Ziegfeld's time the girls were rounder. The men then liked a little more hip and a little more breast—thin at the waist, though."

With the kind of cast whose savvy spans a half-century of show business, Prince could do enough of what David Merrick calls "flimflam and legerdemain to cover an awful and gloomy book about nothing at all." Fortunately, the Prince and his *Follies* have that other talent: Stephen Sondheim. For



STEPHEN SONDHEIM  
The final play on words.

the musical, he has written some of the glossiest, wittiest lyrics in Broadway history. His melodies gracefully gen- uellect to Kern and Gershwin, Berlin and Arlen. His words bow to no one. With *Follies* he has established himself, beyond doubt, as the theater's supreme lyricist.

#### An American Noel Coward

At 41, Sondheim is a spent youth. The son of a wealthy New York dress manufacturer, he literally learned his first lessons in the craft of songwriting at the feet of an old family friend, Oscar Hammerstein II. Stephen was then eleven; Oscar thought his first pubescent musical "terrible—although not without talent." Sondheim proved to be a good learner. He has written the lyrics (and often the music as well) for seven shows, five of which were hits. Only his 1966 musical, *Anyone Can Whistle*, a precious fable about a small-town miracle, and 1965's *Do I Hear a Waltz?* (with music by Richard Rodgers) failed to pay box-office dividends. The rest of the time has been a steady climb, built on internal verse, infernal verse, trip-hammer rhyme schemes and time schemes, sublime schemes, which began their ascent at about the time *South Pacific* dominated Broadway.

After graduating *magna cum laude* from Williams (where he majored in music) and studying with Avant-Garde Composer Milton Babbitt, Stephen, at the age of 25, decided that Broadway was ready for him. Broadway decided otherwise. Through no fault of the author, his first effort (*Saturday Night*) expired along with its producer. For a time, Stephen knocked out scripts for the television sitcom *Topper* and honed his skills as an amateur gamesman. Sondheim is one of the world's fastest cutthroat anagram players, and the walls of his Manhattan town house are covered with antique game boards. (Between shows, he used to concoct the tantalizing puzzles on the back pages of *New York* magazine.) Thanks to the theatrical interests of his mother, an interior decorator known to friends as "Foxy," Stephen easily became a social

THE AMERICAN GIRL (CIRCA 1920)



FIFI D'ORSAY (1971)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CULVER PICTURES. BROWN BROTHERS,  
THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE, MARTHA SNOPE

caterpillar on the Manhattan show-biz party circuit. At one affair he met Playwright Arthur Laurents, who was reworking *Romeo and Juliet* in modern dress. Lenny Bernstein was doing the music, said Laurents. The lyricist? There was none at present, but . . .

### Comedic Commentary

At 27, Sondheim became co-author of *West Side Story* and an established Broadway lyricist. "Steve always wanted to be an American Noel Coward," Foxy recalls fondly. The lyrics for Sondheim's next show, *Gypsy*, with music by Jule Styne, revealed a Lorenz Hartfulness. He rhymed *Mazeppa* and *schlepper*, and the progression "he goes, she goes, egos, amigos" could have come from the master himself. Despite his growing reputation as a lyricist, Sondheim yearned to be recognized as a composer, although his credentials as a musician were skimpy. In 1962, though, he wrote the music as well as the words for *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, which Prince was persuaded to produce. Composer Sondheim has often been accused of writing dissonances that deliberately elude the listener's ear. But for that show he created a host of thumpingly singable tunes to match the simple-minded hilarity. *Everybody Ought to Have a Maid*, *Comedy Tonight* and *Lovely* could have been hummed by a stone. With *Forum*, Sondheim finally proved that he, like Noel Coward, could indeed go it alone.

In last year's musical hit *Company*, Composer Sondheim seemed cloned from Lyricist Sondheim. Indeed, the score packed so many syllables and notes into each bar that it gave the sensation of a double-crostick for the ear. As Pianist Artur Rubinstein observed: "A most brilliant score. I couldn't hear all the words, but then I don't hear all the words at the opera, either."

Rubinstein's observation has been echoed by many audiences, who find that the record of the score yields new rewards at each exposure. Far more than George Furth's book, Sondheim's lyrics express the hip, urbane tone of a play about an uncommitted bachelor who watches the games married people play. The songs are an ambush of witty scepticisms:

[It's the] concerts you enjoy together,  
Neighbors you annoy together,  
Children you destroy together,  
That keep marriage intact.

and:

Good things get better,  
Bad get worse.  
Wait—I think I meant that in  
reverse.

As with *Follies*, *Company* audiences (and critics) were divided into those who felt it was a sociological musical, a comedic commentary on urban ills, and those who believed it only signified that people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw parties. "It's the most pro-marriage show in the world," pro-

tests Sondheim, who has never been married himself. "It says, very clearly, that to be emotionally committed to somebody is very difficult, but to be alone is impossible."

Both Sondheim and Prince—and the women who star in *Follies*—vehemently deny that their musical has anything to do with Broadway's yearning to remember things past. Nonetheless, the success of *Follies* and *Nanette* has quickened the pulse of every Broadway grave robber who has read the grosses and misinterpreted them. Now on their way are musicals based on such memory-soaked epics as *Come Back, Little Sheba*, *National Velvet*, *The Great Gatsby* and *Some Like It Hot*—plus revivals of *New Faces* of 1952 and the 1944 hit *On the Town*.

### Squeal of Approval

To many people, the theater's backward look is not only normal but necessary, at a time when Broadway is constantly worried about its fifth season—slack. Says Veteran Director George Abbott, who worked with Sondheim on *Forum*: "It's so difficult to get to the Broadway theater, plus there is the cost of eating dinner out and the fear of being mugged. People have to believe they're going to see something priceless." What better show, then, than one already granted a squeal of approval? What happier tense than the

past perfect? Furthermore, notes *Nanette*'s Ruby Keeler, "people have seen everything. We almost have to go back the other way. Audiences want to come to the theater for entertainment."

True enough. But in fact there is no going back: to gaze at the rearview mirror guarantees a crash. The best of *Follies* indicates that the art of the theater, like all art, must renew itself by destroying tradition or by using it in fresh ways. *Follies* amply demonstrates that the musical—America's single greatest contribution to the history of drama—need not become the exclusive province of the antique dealer or the rock group. In style and substance it can be as flexible as a film, as immediate as a street scene. Lyrics need not be laundry lists; melody need not be cacophony or syrup. Sondheim's experiments with sonority may sound tentative to the trained ear, but they are bold charts for himself—and for future composers as well. And his words demonstrate that the great tradition of Broadway songwriting, from Berlin through Porter and Hammerstein, is still alive.

Audiences interested only in nostalgia should not see *Follies* now. Let them wait until it is revived in, say, the mid-1980s. Then this imperfect but glittering production will be an item of genuine nostalgia—the show that turned the American musical theater around and pointed it forward.

GLORIA SWANSON AMID THE RUBBLE OF THE ROXY



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## THE MEANING OF NOSTALGIA

How much more nostalgia can America take? The compulsion to paw and moon over the good old days extends far beyond Broadway; without question, the most popular pastime of the year is looking back. Sometimes it seems as if half the country would like to be dancing cheek to cheek with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in a great ballroom of the '30s. The other half yearns to join Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman on a back-lot Casablanca of the '40s to whisper: "Play it, Sam. Play *As Time Goes By*." We seem to be not so much entering the new decade as backing away from it full steam astern.

After the first moon landings, it might have been expected that the lords of fashion would try to dress us in shiny vinyl astronaut suits. Instead, today's wit-with woman often looks as if she is dashing off to the U.S.O. or to wrap bundles for Britain. The well-dressed man, newly attired in his double-breasted suit, could be off to vote for Roosevelt or Landon. Back in style are shoulder bags, wedgies, wrap-around fox scarves, and curly hairdos—all part of what Designer Bill Blass terms "the sexy vulgarity" of the '40s. Hot pants? You might have been arrested for calling them that, but there they were 30 years ago. "Most of the styles you see today I've worn already," remarks Rita Hayworth, who once helped make famous a garment called "shorts."

The sense of *déjà vu* is everywhere. Chelsea House has sold 50,000 copies of the adventures of Buck Rogers and 27,000 copies of the famous cases of Dick Tracy. Twenty First Century Communications has revived *Liberty*, which died in 1950, as "the nostalgia magazine." Columbia and Decca report exuberant sales of their re-releases of rare old recordings, from Bessie Smith to Alice Faye. More than 300 radio stations have brought back the serials of the '30s and '40s, morality plays for two generations of American children. Once again Lamont Cranston, the Shadow, knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men, and once again the Green Hornet, accompanied by his faithful Filipino valet Kato, buzzes off in the Black Beauty to "hunt the biggest of all game: public enemies who try to destroy our America!"

Clearly, nostalgia means money. But does it mean anything else? No, says Writer Gore Vidal, one of the many skeptics. "It's all made up by the media. It's this year's thing to write about."

Without too much exaggeration, a historian could sum up 2,000 years of Western culture as *A History of Nostalgia*. The Romans regarded the Greeks as paradigms, the Renaissance looked back to the grandeur that was Rome, the Pre-

Raphaelites discovered their ideal in the Middle Ages. Like everything else, however, the cycle of revivals has quickened in the 20th century. The '40s seem far away and romantic to people growing up in the '70s, while the '20s and '30s are already shrouded in the mists of legend. Viewing them, those who are under 30 might as well be with Petrarch or Leonardo, peering through the murk of a millennium at the wonders of the Caesars.

At a certain distance, vision fades and imagination takes over. Try as they might, imitators never succeed in exactly reproducing the past. The eye of



REPRINT OF 1935 "LIBERTY"  
Everywhere the sense of *déjà vu*.

memory takes in 1936 and the elegance of an Astaire dance or the froth of a Lubitsch comedy; it is blind to Depression breadlines. It catches the shapely legs of Rita Hayworth in 1944's hot pants but neglects the 500,000 U.S. war casualties of that year. It is amused by the crew cuts and slang of 1953 but forgets the anti-Communist hysteria and the fear that followed detonation of Russia's first hydrogen bomb.

In time, nostalgia will dim or even erase memories of assassinations, wars, racial hatred and student riots from its vision of the '60s, just as it has long since done away with the slime, the stench and the wanton slaughter of that noblest of human conflicts, World War I. Nostalgia is like Marie Antoinette, who commissioned the finest artists and architects of France to build eight picturesque peasant farms beside her Petit Trianon. They were perfect—right down to porcelain vases from Sevres used for milking the cows. Nostalgia selects only what is agreeable, and even that it distorts or turns into myth.

"I dreamed there was an Emperor Antony," Shakespeare's Cleopatra soliloquizes after his death. "His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm crested the world; his voice was property . . . as all the tuned spheres. Think you there was, or might be, such a man as this I dream'd of?"

"Gentle madam, no."

The original definition of nostalgia, which few recognize today, is "homesickness." Illogical though it may be, many people in their 20s and 30s do feel a longing very much like homesickness for a time they never knew. Indeed, there seem to be two kinds of nostalgia, one for youth and one for middle age and beyond. Most often, those who were adults in the ancient days before 1960 glance back with either fondness or sadness, but rarely with bitter regret. They look at the past with the secret sense of triumph that comes to all survivors. Besides, nostalgia gives them a spurious sense of sophistication; it enables them to feel superior by laughing at simpler times.

It is their children, members of a supposedly radical generation, who genuinely hunger for unexperienced past, as if they were hearing some melancholy autumnal horn summoning them through an undiscovered hallway to a place they can search for but can never find. It is as if they felt cheated for being given their maturity in the sad and sinister world of the '70s. For them, as for Wordsworth, there truly "hath passed away a glory from the earth."

No one in his right mind would argue that 1971—with its recession and its exhausting and hateful war—is the best year this country has ever seen. Given a choice, many Americans would put on a blindfold and pick out of a hat another year in which to live—one of the past 500. But as Mark Twain, Lord Byron and countless other writers suggest, they would soon repent upon discovering that there is no such thing as a golden age. The past is an illusion just as much as the future; it is utopia in reverse.

The cult of the past may have developed as an antidote to the cult of the future, as a protection against future shock. Is there such a thing as "past shock," and is America beginning to suffer from it? Perhaps. Yet the fantasy of homesickness, which is the meaning of today's nostalgia craze, cannot be dispelled with churlish facts and disagreeable reasons. If it gives a little pleasure in an otherwise unpleasurable year, why even try? So play it again, Sam—and again and again and again. Next year, with a little luck, we may not need you.

■ Gerald Clarke

an informative advertisement

# Today's car isn't what it was ten years ago. Be glad it isn't.



Sunday morning, circa 1960: attend to the family bus. It served you during the week; on weekends you reciprocated.



As soon as you bought your new car, you raced down for a new set of seat covers.

We listen. Back in the late fifties, people at Ford Motor Company and the rest of the American car makers decided their own industry was headed for trouble. The average car was a headache to own. And it was getting worse by the minute.

It had to be waxed, or the paint would fade.

It needed seat covers, or the interior would deteriorate.

It had to be greased, or it

would wear out.

The valves had to be ground. The rocker panels rusted. The fenders pitted.

It was all fine. If you owned a repair shop.

If you were a car owner, it was one big pain.

More important, we sensed people were getting fed up with the whole thing. And we reasoned there would be plenty of customers for the car maker

who tried to improve the situation.

So we did something.

That was ten years ago.

Consider the rust problem today.

It certainly isn't what it was.

No, we didn't solve the problem alone. GM, Chrysler and AMC worked on it, too.

But who gets credit isn't important. The fact something was done is important.

WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU  
HAD TO HAVE YOUR ROCKER  
PANELS REPLACED?

In attacking the problem, we discovered that even the thickest body metal in the world can't stand up to a repeated dose of road salt, unless it's adequately protected. So we came up with a plan for literally "dunking" car bodies in rustproofing. The bath gets primer into nooks and crannies no spraygun can reach. It's a messy process. But it gets the job done.

At the same time, we devised a way to bond the primer to the metal with electricity, so it would resist being pecked off by gravel or blasted away by salt spray. And if some of it does get loose, critical metal underneath is galvanized, just like the caves-troughing on a house.



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Does it mean our cars never rust? Of course not. But we certainly have slowed down the process.

HAD A RING AND VALVE JOB  
LATELY?

In case you hadn't noticed, engines last a lot longer than they used to. Today, we cast our engine blocks with thin walls, so they run a lot cooler. That means the parts inside the block run cooler, too. And live longer as a result.

Those same parts enjoy longer life because of new metals, too.

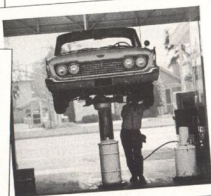
Exhaust valves, for example, are made of special chrome alloys, so they don't need grinding as often. In fact,

modern technology has been applied to virtually every part in a Ford Motor Company engine — the crankshaft, camshaft, pistons, lifters — right down to the ball bearings in the water pump. And come to think of it, when was the last time you had to put a shot of grease in a squeaky water pump? Or replace one?

A GREASE JOB EVERY 1,000 MILES.

Remember that? You needed the chassis lube every 1,000.

An oil change every 1,500. A filter every 3,000. Today, Ford Motor Company cars call for a chassis lube



Every thousand miles or so, it was "get out and get under." Chassis lube: \$2.00 Oil Change: \$3.00 Brake Adjustment: \$4.50.

at 36,000 miles, an oil and filter change every 6,000. And, under normal use, lubricants in the transmission and rear axle never need changing. That saves money and aggravation.

The truth is, every single part of our cars has been improved in some way — either simplified, streamlined or made tougher. Because we're zealots? Hardly. Because today's buyer won't stand for a product that doesn't hold up.

EXAMINED ANY FRAMES  
LATELY?

Science has penetrated everywhere. Right to the very frame a car is built on. The result is a body/frame structure that's not only stronger, but actually tuned for silence. And something else. On cars like our big Fords,

Mercurys and Continentals, the frame is specially designed to absorb impact in the event of a front-end collision. A macabre subject, perhaps. But one of genuine concern.

KINGPINS. WHAT ARE THOSE?

Not too long ago, a car was a real handful to drive. It was hard to steer. It didn't corner very well. And when you hit a bump, it was heard and felt.

For that reason, we were the first U.S. automaker to introduce ball-joint front suspension. Ball joints did more than smooth the ride and improve the handling. They eliminated old-fashioned kingpins and the cost of rebushing the front end every 10,000 miles or so.

So what does it all mean? That today's car is perfect? Of course not. But it does mean today's car is a lot better than ever before.

And to us, that's progress.


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Do write us. We listen. And we listen better.

  
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86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS, INC. N.Y.



## BUSINESS



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HOLIDAY INN IN GREENVILLE, ALA.

# Trying to Change an Unfair Tax

**I**n their desperate search for cold cash, officials of financially strapped cities have lately been offering much apocalyptic prophecy about the impending bankruptcy of municipal governments (see *THE NATION*). Cities have reached the limit of their taxing powers, they insist, and the Federal Government must rush to their rescue. Touring New York City last week to impress on the public the urgency of their plight, the mayors of eleven cities sounded even gloomier than usual. Said Boston's Kevin White: "Look, we raise 70% of our money with the property tax, but half our property is untaxable and 20% of our people are on welfare. Could you run a business that way?"

One of the major problems is that municipal governments depend on property taxes, mainly from real estate, for an average of 85% of the money that they raise locally. This year these governments will collect some \$37 billion in property taxes, up from \$22.6 billion in 1965. But the property-tax system is a mess. Most fiscal experts agree that it is disgracefully administered and unfair to millions of individual taxpayers. Despite the legal requirement that property of equal value must be taxed alike, a Census Bureau study found that the typical homeowner can expect a tax bill that is 20% more—or less—than it ought to be. Some big, rich property owners pay little or nothing at all.

**Erratic Assessments.** In greatly differing ways, the cry for changes in the property tax has been picked up by men as disparate in their views as California Governor Ronald Reagan, Michigan Governor William Milliken, former Senator Paul Douglas, Educator Robert Hutchins and HUD Secretary George Romney. Ralph Nader has added the reform of property taxes to his roster of causes, charging that so much business and industrial real estate is undertaxed as to constitute "a national scandal of corruption, illegalities and incompetence." As a result, says Nader, "small businessmen and the owners of houses are paying nearly one-third more in taxes to meet local revenue needs." Prodred by Nader, Maine Senator Edmund Muskie's Subcommittee on Intergovernmental Relations plans to hold hearings



MANHATTAN'S CHRYSLER BUILDING  
Penalizing progress, boosting blight.

on property taxes in several cities this spring.

Tax assessments are erratic and often unfair, partly because many tax assessors are ill-trained and poorly paid (average: \$6,900) political creatures. About half of the nation's 15,000 chief assessors are elected, but few states require any professional qualifications for holding the office. Flouting the law, assessors often appraise properties at widely varying fractions of their true value. The difficulties of challenging appraisals

are so formidable that the assessors generally get away with it.

The temptations to favoritism and bribery are great. In Seattle and three of California's largest counties six years ago, assessors were caught taking bribes from tax consultants to lower their appraisals on property owned by national companies. In Chicago last fall, Cook County Assessor P.J. Cullerton and several subordinates were accused of giving assessment breaks to the politically friendly owners of several industrial and commercial properties. The upshot was a \$9,000,000 rise in the valuations for eleven buildings, which will yield the city and county \$1,000,000 a year more in taxes unless the owners can persuade the courts to overturn the increase. The nation needs fewer but better-trained chief assessors—certainly no more than one per county. They should be appointed and subject to strict supervision by state review boards that could also provide specialized expertise for such complex tasks as valuing one-of-a-kind industrial complexes. Among other things, this would make it more difficult for political machines to sell underassessment in return for campaign contributions.

**Exemptions Everywhere.** Another source of wide inequity is that much property is tax-exempt. About a third of such property is owned by—and often produces profit for—governmental, religious, educational or charitable organizations. Measured by its dollar value, half or more of the real estate in Albany and Ithaca, N.Y., and Washington, D.C., is tax-free. The ratio is 33% or more in New York City, Pittsburgh and Harrisburg, Pa., and Montpelier, Vt. In a penetrating new book, *The Free List* (Russell Sage Foundation; \$7.50), Journalist Alfred Balk argues that the exemptions have become so large, loose and inconsistent as to hurt all other property-taxpayers and the nation as a whole. Balk cites several authoritative estimates that \$600 billion worth of real estate—one-third of the U.S. total—is not taxed at all. The cost in terms of lost taxes amounts to \$310 a year per U.S. family, and it is rising.

Balk points out that Manhattan's 77-story Chrysler Building pays no property tax because its collegiate owner,

Cooper Union, has an 1859 charter from the state legislature granting permanent exemption. The Chrysler Building will soon lose its distinction as the world's tallest tax exemption to the 110-story World Trade Center, now rising, says Balk, "like a tombstone over the tip of downtown Manhattan." The twin towers are being built by the quasi-public Port of New York Authority, which is tax-exempt but will make a token payment for city services.

**Obvious Abuses.** Inexplicable inconsistencies abound. Pennsylvania exempts properties owned by the American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars, but the Elks, Moose, Eagles and Masons must pay taxes on their properties. The Lutheran Church's profit-making Augsburg Publishing House in Minneapolis is exempt, but Nashville's assessor has denied exemption to similar publishing enterprises of Methodists, Baptists and Seventh-day Adventists. The Holiday Inns at Greenville and Boaz, Ala., pay no taxes because the municipalities own them. The University of Michigan earns a tidy income from Willow Run Airport, on which it pays no property taxes; Michigan State University's exempt holdings include a large department store in Lansing. Thanks to a charter exemption similar to that of Cooper Union, Northwestern University for years has enjoyed a steady stipend from a supermarket, a medical office center and several downtown Chicago office buildings that it bought and then leased back to corporations.

To end some of the obvious abuses in tax exemption, Balk urges states to narrow the legal definitions of eligible property. If legislatures insist on requiring localities to give exemptions to favored groups, he argues, states should then reimburse localities for the resulting tax loss. Most of all, local assessors should be forced to publish more comprehensive and accurate exemption data. Balk even questions whether federal and state property should be immune from local realty taxation, because the arrangement often leads to a profligate waste of expensive land.

**Prospects for Overhaul.** Some critics of the property tax argue that it is so fundamentally unfair that it ought to be abolished. Property taxes add an average 25% to the rent that tenants pay and the carrying costs that homeowners must meet—a higher tax than is found on anything except alcohol, cigarettes and gasoline. For all its shortcomings, the property tax certainly will not be abolished because nobody has devised an alternative way to raise so much revenue. Still, the entire system needs a considerable overhaul.

The most basic step would be to change the structure of the tax. Realty taxes are a fusion of two separate levies—one on the value of locations and the other on buildings. Most cities collect two or three times as much tax from buildings as from the site value of land. This low taxation of land re-

wards speculators, who can easily afford to keep property off the market until urban growth forces its price up enough for a fat profit. A costly consequence of this is "suburban sprawl," much of which is caused by subdivision developers moving farther out of town to find cheaper land while bypassing idle acreage closer to the city.

At the same time, high taxes on improvements discourage both construction of new buildings and the maintenance of aging ones. Since every improvement leads to a higher assessment, landlords too often find it more profitable to let rental housing deteriorate than to modernize it. As Housing Consultant Perry Prentice points out: "Today's property tax harnesses the profit motive backward instead of forward. There is not a city in this country that

KEN REGAN—CAMERA 5



CRITIC BALK  
Too many pay nothing.

is not making its growth, urban renewal and redevelopment problems worse by the way it misapplies the property tax to penalize improvements and subsidize the misuse of land."

Most experts want to lighten or even abolish taxes on buildings and make a corresponding increase in taxes on land. This would deter land speculation and force property holders to put half-idle metropolitan property to better use. The change would also help hard-pressed center cities by giving businessmen more incentive to keep their corporate headquarters and factories in town.

Almost a century ago, Economist Henry George won an army of ardent followers by proposing that governments raise all their revenues by doubling the taxes on land. Now that federal, state and local governments consume nearly a quarter of the nation's G.N.P., George's idea is no longer feasible. Yet there is a powerful argument for sharply increasing land taxes. Says Dick Net-

zer, a tax expert and dean of the graduate school of public administration at New York University: "Land values rise mostly because of other people's investment, community development and population growth, not because of actions by individual owners. The community as a whole creates the unearned increments of value, and it has every right to recapture them by taxation." More than that, the public has every right to a fair shake, and local governments have every need to get rid of the evil side effects of the existing property-tax system.

## THE ECONOMY

### Cooling Off Inflation

When some of Richard Nixon's Wall Street supporters recently presented him with a two-foot-high stuffed bull, the President reiterated that "I think next year is going to be a very good year." Then, with the election well in mind, he added: "It better be." One happy sign is already clear this year: the Administration is at last making progress against inflation. For the year's first quarter, the consumer price index advanced at an annual rate of only 2.7%, which was less than half the pace that it maintained last year, and the lowest rate since inflation rolled into high gear in 1967.

The major causes of this progress were a marked decline in mortgage interest rates and a dip in automobile prices as dealers discounted heavily to get sales going fast after the General Motors strike. On the other hand, services continued their steady march upward (except for the mortgage rates, which, like other non-goods, are considered services). Food prices rose more than usual for the early part of the year. Considering that they might be forced higher by an impending corn blight and the drought in the Southwest, and that neither mortgage rates nor auto prices are likely to fall further, few economists are as yet convinced that the price steadiness will be maintained for the year as a whole.

**Enough Slack.** Business is gradually getting better, and there is much question about whether the current economic expansion will start a fresh round of inflation. The President's Council of Economic Advisers figures that there is still enough slack in demand and production to prevent prices and interest rates from jumping sharply (although short-term rates have hit bottom and have risen a bit lately). Thus, the Administration remains opposed to framing a firm incomes policy, which would include wage-price guidelines. It also has not developed a policy to deal with a major event that will significantly influence the economy later this year: the steel labor negotiations. No decision has been made on whether to accept a strike, in hopes that it might slow down wage-push inflation, or avoid a strike at all costs, lest it badly damage the economic recovery.

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He just feels that the car we make is a more sensible car to drive around town in than the car he makes.

However, it is rather enlightening that out of all the small sensible cars sold in Europe—some fifty in all—

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Enlightening, but not astonishing, when you consider that in Europe, where they've been buying small cars for three generations, they buy more Fiats than anything else. Volkswagens included.

Now, if you're thinking about buying your first small car, you might keep all this in mind.

After all, when it comes to cars, you can't fool a Ferrari.

**FIAT**

The biggest selling car in Europe.



GORDON SHERMAN IN AVIARY AT HOME

Today. "You can take a so-called good businessman, but you can't necessarily teach him to communicate," he said. "But if you take a man who somehow has learned to excel in the skills of communication, put him in a business suit and pay him a fair salary, then in short order he'll learn to read a financial statement."

**Barrage from the Board.** This unstructured management approach did not go over well with the company's founder and major stockholder, 72-year-old Nate Sherman, who is Gordon Sherman's father. Nate had started the firm in 1938, become known for dependable wholesale distribution in a generally haphazard field, and prospered in the post-war auto boom. He built the business into a \$3.5-million-a-year operation by the time Son Gordon joined the organization in 1950. Gordon promoted the idea of starting Midas Muffler Shops—franchised retail outlets with specialists in trim uniforms. The Midas idea caught on quickly, and after sales hit \$42 million in 1967—much of it from the muffler shops—Gordon laid down an ultimatum: he would resign if his father did not hand over the presidency. Reluctantly, Nate assented and stepped up to the chairmanship.

From his seat on the board, however, Nate kept up a steady barrage of criticism of his son's business methods. Last fall Gordon Sherman yielded to the sniping and resigned. But in March he mounted a proxy challenge that has acquired overtones of a Greek tragedy and a war of conflicting management philosophies.

**Edifice Complex.** As the battle neared a climax last week, the charges and countercharges flew fast. Gordon said that his father was dismantling the team that had led Midas to success. Since Gordon left the presidency, seven executives have been fired and another eight have resigned. Gordon argues that his father is too aged to run the company and that "his management is attuned to a small wholesale auto-parts distribution company." Adds Gordon: "The old man just won't let go."

Father Nate, who likes to compare himself with Golda Meir, publicly replied: "I'm a strong 72, with the blood

pressure of a 40-year-old." He added that when Gordon ran the company, "he had people around him who were not qualified businessmen, people who never sold anything in their lives and never bought anything except clothes and food." As Nate told it, Gordon had plunged the company deeply into debt to finance poorly planned expansion. Partly as a result of this edifice complex, Nate contends, earnings fell from \$3,600,000 in 1968 to \$2,400,000 in 1969. They advanced last year to \$2,600,000 on sales of \$67 million.

Nate also complains that Gordon had alienated Midas dealers and customers through some of his extracurricular activities. Gordon had been channeling money from the company foundation into the activities of Community Organizer Saul Alinsky and Consumer Crusader Ralph Nader. After Gordon gave \$300,000 last year to Nader's Center for the Study of Responsive Law, he said: "I told Nader it was O.K. if he put us out of the muffler and exhaust business, so long as he put all of our competitors out of business, too." Perhaps the crowning embarrassment for Nate came during the Chicago Seven conspiracy trial, when Gordon took Abbie Hoffman, William Kunstler and Norman Mailer to lunch at the Standard Club, staid bastion of Chicago's German-Jewish elite. Judge Julius Hoffman, lunching at a nearby table, retreated behind a pillar.

**Matter of Trust.** In the proxy fight, Gordon is supported by his mother, his two sisters, and at least 27 past and present Midas executives. Together they control 28% of the voting stock. Nate claims 21%, and another 19.5% is in trusts. Gordon has gone to court to enjoin a Chicago bank from voting the trust shares.

The vote is set for the annual meeting this week, but a meaningful count will probably be impossible until the legal status of the disputed trusts is cleared. Last week Nate won a personal victory. His wife, Beatrice, who had left him the day after Son Gordon quit, said she would be back home with Nate.

## CORPORATIONS

### Moving Down at Du Pont

The monthly meetings of the E.I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. board, nine of whose 24 members reside in the House of Du Pont through bloodline or marriage, tend to be family as well as corporate councils. At last week's session, family scandal and a series of reverses in the company's fortunes combined to cause change at the top of the world's largest chemical manufacturer. At the ever-so-gentle hinting of other Du Ponts, Chairman Lamont du Pont Copeland Sr., 65, declined to stand for re-election and also stepped down from the finance committee.\* His duties were added to those already held by Charles Brels-

\* Du Pont's mandatory retirement age is 72.



NATE SHERMAN WITH MIDAS MUFFLER

A Greek tragedy and a clash of philosophies.

## PROXY FIGHTS

### Ambush at Generation Gap

For an auto-parts company, Midas-International used to be a remarkable place to work. At its Chicago headquarters, Bach chamber music wafted from hidden loudspeakers, while Technicolor-plumed finches twittered in a giant cage. The boss, bumper-bald Gordon Sherman, 43, was in the office round the clock some days—and other days scarcely at all. A man of intense energy and occasional brilliance, he often worked at home, where he also liked to tend his orchids and hummingbirds or tootle his oboe and English horn. Occasionally he held executive meetings at a zoo, or in the office by candlelight. "A certain truth comes out at night that doesn't come out in the board room," he explained.

The whole stress in the company, as one former executive put it, was not so much on working hard and filling up time as on working smart and solving problems. Some of Sherman's executives were psychologists and sociologists, whom he had recruited with want ads in the *Saturday Review* and *Psychology*



ford ("Brel") McCoy, 62, who succeeded Copeland as president in 1967.

**Dizzying Empire.** Copeland moved out, a Du Pont spokesman said, "because personal affairs are taking more and more of his time." Six months ago, his 38-year-old son Lammot ("Motsey") du Pont Copeland Jr. petitioned for one of the most spectacular personal bankruptcies on record. He listed assets of \$26 million and liabilities totaling \$55 million. The younger Copeland's chief business associate, Lebanese-born Thomas A. Shaheen Jr., has been indicted by a Chicago grand jury on charges of receiving kickbacks on loans from the barbers' union pension fund and others. Much of the money allegedly went to shore up a dizzying business empire assembled by Copeland and Shaheen. In a related matter, Motsey has been charged with conspiracy, though he testified that he was frequently not aware of what associates did with his funds.

The son's follies are being visited on the father in more ways than one. The senior Copeland guaranteed about \$8.2 million in loans to his son and his enterprises, all of which are now bankrupt or in deep financial trouble. Copeland holds a lien on Lammot Jr.'s real property, including a \$500,000 home, making it unavailable to other creditors. Copeland's financial worries have been further complicated by the near failure of a family-connected stock brokerage, Francis I. du Pont & Co. Various family members and their friends are investors in the firm, and its troubles cost them at least \$6 million (see following story).

**Expensive Failures.** Besides his family problems, Copeland faced a good deal of corporate discouragement. Under his leadership, Du Pont suffered a serious erosion of its pre-eminence in chemicals, even though the company is still the biggest in the field (1970 sales: \$3.6 billion). Du Pont leaders have long dreamed of producing "another nylon," but the company has introduced few notably profitable products in the past decade. Several that did appear turned out to be expensive failures. Corfam, the syn-

thetic leather, is being phased out after an investment of \$100 million. Other disappointments: an anti-flu pill called Symmetrel and a venture into the production of photo film. Last week the board announced a decline in earnings from \$93 million in the first quarter of 1970 to \$74 million in the equivalent period this year.

Because Du Pont supplies products to such a wide range of U.S. industries, the company stands to do better as the economy speeds up. Its refusal to be rushed and its sense of dynastic dignity, however, have allowed brasher competitors to narrow its lead in chemicals. McCoy is the first chief executive in the company's 169-year history to have no direct family ties with the Du Ponts, but he reflects their courtly attitude toward business. "We do not believe in doing things on a crash basis," he says. "We evolve continuously and deliberately." Yet as a board chairman who began his career as a cellophane-machine operator (albeit one whose father was a Du Pont vice president), McCoy may well be a bit more daring than his predecessor and step up the pace of evolution.



LAMMOT COPELAND JR.  
A shoulder to lean on.

## INVESTMENT

### Mr. Nice Guy Goes to Wall St.

The small and often clubby group of men who run the nation's financial center are acquiring an unlikely new member this week. H. Ross Perot, the 40-year-old computer multimillionaire from Dallas, will formally take control of F.I. du Pont, Glore Forgan & Co., the nation's third largest brokerage firm. No one on Wall Street seems quite certain how to welcome a Nice Guy from Texas. A banker sent Perot a cowboy suit, and an F.I. du Pont salesman ordered a pair of tasseled loafers for his new proprietor. Perot showed up in Manhattan wearing his usual Middle America business togs and shook hands with each of the 1,500 F.I. du Pont employees working in the head office. "I wanted to tell them that they are terribly important to the future of the firm," he explained with his ever-present country charm.

So, for that matter, are Ross Perot and his Texas-size bank account. Last summer the Du Pont firm, hard up for capital as a result of Wall Street's bear market, agreed to merge with Glore Forgan & Co., thus picking up some \$18 million in new money. Even that infusion was not enough, and to raise cash last November F.I. du Pont tried to sell 100,000 shares that it owned in Perot's computer-servicing company, Electronic Data Systems Corp. It had acquired the shares in a contract with E.D.S. for computer services. The deal called for Perot's company to buy Du Pont's computer hardware, then to lease it back to the brokerage firm for part of the time and to other customers for the rest. When Perot heard about the attempted stock sale, he knew that F.I. du Pont was in trouble.

**Urged by Washington.** Some high officials in the Nixon Administration also knew, and they feared that a collapse of F.I. du Pont might wreck other salvage operations then under way on Wall Street, notably the rescue of Goodbody & Co. by Merrill Lynch. These Administration officials urged Perot to step in. Perot at first agreed to put up \$10 million; later he decided to acquire control. While not dwelling on the point, Perot feels that he acted in part from patriotism, as he is doing in his well-known campaign to free American war prisoners in Viet Nam. "It was something I could do and something I ought to do," he told TIME's Houston Bureau Chief Leo Janos. "There was a situation ripe for investor panic."

In all, Perot has put up \$30 million and taken control of at least 80% of the shares in the brokerage company. The previous owners, including several members of the Du Pont chemical family, will retain a 10% to 20% interest, the exact amount to be determined by a complex formula based on how well the firm performs over the next two years. As the firm's new president, Perot has installed one of the Texas-born vice presidents of his computer



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## even for thousands who perspire heavily

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firm, 32-year-old Morton Meyerson.

Perot intends to make F.I. du Pont one of Wall Street's strongest brokerages no matter what the cost. "I believe in over-financing, if necessary, to restore confidence in the firm after what it has been through," he says. "I am going to make it as solid as the Prudential." One small problem is that his own wealth is almost wholly in E.D.S. stock, and that is not always a good rock to build on. In nine days last April, E.D.S. stock dropped from 150 to 75, and Perot's paper value plunged from just under \$1.4 billion to \$675 million; it is now \$564 million. The company has consistently been strong, but Perot owns so much of its stock (72%), that if he were to try to sell many shares, the price would probably decline. Last week, when he announced plans to dispose of 900,000 of his 8,500,000 E.D.S. shares for more cash to

STEEN—PICTORIAL PARADE



ROSS PEROT

*Drawl softly and carry a big stock.*

finance Du Pont, the price fell 7½ points, to 66. "Maybe I should have waved my bankbook in the air instead," says Perot ruefully. "I have \$30 million in cash, and I just won't sell stock at a ridiculous price." Perot implied that he will refuse to sell the shares until they rise. He can still draw on a \$50 million bank loan arranged by Chase Manhattan.

Perot has not ruled out the idea of buying into other Wall Street houses, though he has no definite plans for doing so. The computer wizard is convinced that his investment will pay off not only for Du Pont but also for his own company. Though brokerages have spent millions on computer technology, he believes few of them are using it wisely. Perot intends to make Du Pont a model operation. "Just imagine the impact when E.D.S. turns Du Pont around," he exults. "It will mean plenty of business for us because we will have dramatically proved to the financial community that

our system really works for them." Still another plan is to open a department at Du Pont "that would exist only to finance the ambitious schemes of bright young men who want a chance." Du Pont's new owner has reason to believe that some of those schemes might be sound investments. Just twelve years ago, before he borrowed a small sum and started E.D.S., Ross Perot was earning \$530 a month as a computer salesman.

## CREDIT

### New Deal for the Harassed

For eight years a pharmaceuticals salesman in New York City endured a Kafkaesque nightmare, applying for work to many firms and always being turned down, sometimes after he had been told that he was accepted. Reason: Atlanta's Retail Credit Co., one of the largest firms in the business of gathering and selling financial information about individual consumers, had been reporting erroneously that the salesman was dishonorably discharged from the Army. This was just one of many examples of damaging irresponsibility in the credit-investigation field uncovered in recent hearings before the Senate Subcommittee on Banking and Currency.

The thousands of computerized, credit-checking bureaus across the country constitute an awesome but lightly regulated intelligence network. The information they supply to stores, banks, insurance companies and employers intimately affects the borrowing potential, earning power and reputations of millions of Americans. Yet many are oblivious to the existence, much less the extent or accuracy, of the data that credit bureaus disseminate about them.

To give consumers protection against abuses, Congress passed the Fair Credit Reporting Act, which took effect last week. The measure was adopted after testimony revealed that information on consumers is sometimes hastily collected for the credit-reporting bureaus by recent high school graduates, who get their information by checking newspaper reports of arrests and by secretly interviewing neighbors of the people under investigation. Prodded by supervisors trying to justify the service, some investigators aim for a 10 to 15% rejection rate in their reports.

Under the new law, however, if an applicant is rejected for a loan, a job or an insurance policy because of an unfavorable credit report, he must be told so by the person turning him down. He then has the right to examine the bureau's files; if he can prove that an item is inaccurate, it must be struck out. Bureaus must also be certain that their clients have a bona fide interest in the individual's background. Finance companies are acceptable; lawyers looking for ammunition in a divorce case are not. The FBI, the Internal Revenue Service and other Government agencies, which had easy access to data banks, must now have a court order to peek at an individual's

## Which of these cities spends over \$2,000 a year on each student?



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New York



Philadelphia



Chicago



St. Louis



San Francisco



Los Angeles

People always complain about public education. But we're spending a fortune on our schools. New York City, for example, spends over \$2,000 per year for each student.\* That's almost \$1,000 more than any of these other cities.

There's a CBS Owned AM radio station in each of these seven cities. And they're helping to find answers to the problems in our schools. It's a big job, because our stations feel responsible to over 60 million people.

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KCBS Newsradio in San Francisco presents "Education in Action" fifteen times a week to concentrate on the problems of specific school districts. Last year, the California Teachers Association gave the station three out of four broadcasting awards.

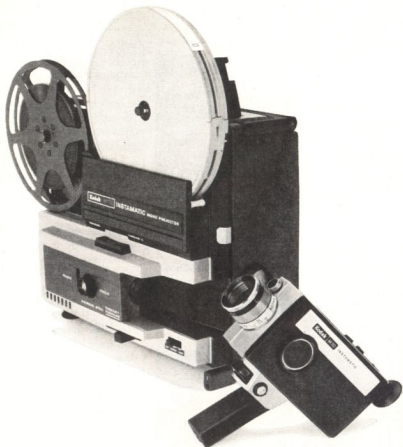
When the seven CBS Owned radio stations aren't busy presenting the news of the day, they're also searching for solutions to problems like unemployment and pollution.

Because you don't get all the answers in school.

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We feel responsible to over 60 million people.

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WCHS Newsradio 88, New York  
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KMOX Radio 1120, St. Louis  
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**Kodak**

dossier (except for checks on prospective employees). Credit-bureau officials who knowingly supply data to unauthorized clients risk a year in jail and a \$5,000 fine. Says Senator William Proxmire, Wisconsin Democrat, who husbanded the bill through Congress: "At some point the individual's right to privacy must take precedence over the creditor's right to obtain information."

### ADVERTISING

#### Smoke Gets in Your Ears

Now that cigarette commercials are banned from radio as well as TV, some tobacco men are examining a device that can deliver a recorded 20-second commercial from cigarette vending machines. Called ACMRU (Audio Commercial Message Repeating Unit), the new

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*One coin makes a jingle.*

product sits atop a cigarette machine and resembles an illuminated advertising sign the size of two shoe boxes placed end to end. When an unsuspecting smoker puts his first coin in the slot, ACMRU can launch into any one of 16 to 20 spoken messages or singing jingles from a cassette tape player concealed inside.

Developed by Castagna Electronics of Brooklyn, N.Y., the squawk box will sell for about \$100. A. Frederick Greenberg, president of Castagna, is counting on fervid competition among the tobacco companies to equip as many cigarette machines as possible with ACMRUs that will broadcast messages. After all, vending machines dispense an average of 22 competing brands. Greenberg says that ACMRU is aimed at the 250,000 vending machines in "prime high-traffic areas"—mostly offices, factories and bars. The messages could be audible at up to 20 ft. but Greenberg does not think that they will be annoying. "Well," he says, "you don't have to stand there and listen to it."



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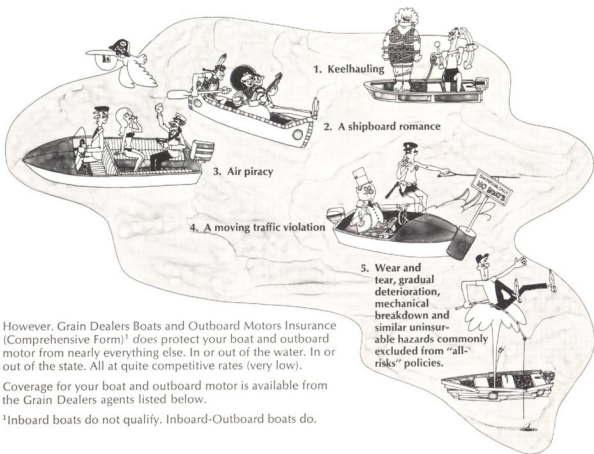
If your take-home briefcase is too fat, you can never blame it on Indiana's No. 1 health care plan. Why don't you get in touch with your Blue Cross and Blue Shield representative?

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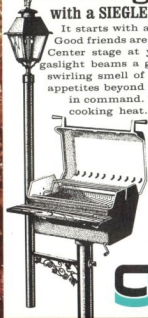
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## CINEMA



PARKINS & MASCOT IN "MEPHISTO"  
A sense of clammy terror.

### Spook the Piano Player

At first glance, and even at second, *The Mephisto Waltz* looks a lot like *Rosemary's Granddaughter*. There are the ambitious husband, beleaguered wife, treacherous new acquaintances, sympathetic old friends, intimations of perversion and, finally, the confirmation of diabolism. Yet for all the obvious echoes of its superior predecessor, *Waltz* stands on its own as a sleek and scary piece of movie necromancy.

Alan Alda appears as a failed concert pianist turned journalist. He is assigned to interview a master pianist (Curt Jurgens), who treats him with impenetrable superiority until he notices Alda's hands. "Hands like yours are one in a hundred thousand," the maestro exclaims, with blurred syntax, seizing Alda's forearms and showing them off to his daughter (Barbara Parkins), who responds with pronounced interest. Naturally, Alda's frau (Jacqueline Bisset) doesn't at all care for the lavish attentions of Jurgens and his kinky retinue of friends, but Alda is too flattered to listen. When Jurgens suddenly dies of leukemia, Alda, who has resumed his musical career, takes over the master's concert dates and an incestuous love affair with Parkins. His wife, in the meantime, has stumbled on some evidence (a book of incantations, a flask of mysterious blue oil, more or less the usual things) that strongly suggests that her husband's new-found musical talents are at least un-found, and probably a good deal more. During the rest of the picture she pays, as they say, a dear price for such knowledge.

Director Paul Wendkos has perhaps taken the suggestion of his title a bit

too literally. He seizes every available opportunity to dance his camera around, photographing from acrobatic angles and utilizing a full spectrum of weird color filters. If the technique is somewhat distracting, at least he succeeds in achieving a good sense of clammy terror. *The Mephisto Waltz* is not one of those really goose-fleshy horror pictures that make you edgy about opening the front door when you get home from the theater. But it is spooky enough to make you wonder just a little the next time you attend a piano recital.

■ Jayocks

### Kicking the Habit

Hollywood usually gets its bearings from the weather vane rather than the compass. Since the wind has been blowing chilly from Indochina, a new movie or two have gingerly and unconvincingly suggested that America's flaws are innate rapacity and violence.

One such is *Cold Turkey*, an extended sitcom loaded with the kind of jokes that induce canned laughter. Like the Mock Turtle, Writer-Director Norman Lear attempts an arithmetic composed of Ambition, Distraction, Uglification and Derision. A tobacco tycoon (the late Edward Everett Horton) offers \$25 million to any American city whose inhabitants can quit smoking for 30 days, on the plausible theory that it cannot be done. But he reckons without the Rev. Clayton Brooks (Dick Van Dyke). Led by the uptight, upright preacher, Eagle Rock, Iowa, turns abolitionist. In the process, it writhes with collective withdrawal symptoms familiar to anyone who has tried to kick the habit. Such civil strife is grossly overdone, and the refinement of Lear's touch is perhaps best exhibited when a Pentagon colonel promises the town a share in the defense budget: a large bull is shown in the foreground.

As *Cold Turkey* clucks along, it does prove fitfully amusing. Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding make their film debut, delightfully impersonating a number of TV newsmen, including "Paul Hardly," and their CBS *de résistance*, "Walter Chronic." But these benign entertainers are essentially aural comedians, and their limitations underline the show's. Many films have been written specifically for TV. *Cold Turkey* seems the first to have been made for radio.

■ Stefan Kanfer

### Saturday's Children

*Saturday Morning* is a documentary, scarcely 90 minutes long, that depicts an encounter session involving a group of California teen-agers. It is so deeply felt and subtly crafted that it imparts, despite the short running time, a sense of participation in the group experiment. But all this says nothing of the film's human impact: its unrelenting urgency

in conveying the depths of the emotional problems that brought the teenagers together. *Saturday Morning* is, in short, a rare cinematic record of sorrow and discovery.

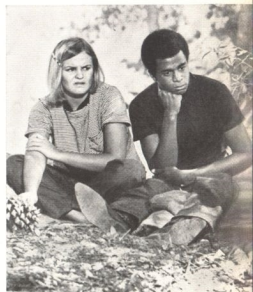
Producer-Director Kent Mackenzie spent a year interviewing the kids, then finally brought them together for a six-day session under the guidance of two doctors. The chosen youths come from every background, ghetto to suburbia, and from every kind of home. But as the session progresses, it becomes apparent that they are bound together by a common sense of loss and uncertainty.

They act out the roles of their parents and worry aloud about sex; they spar with each other, alternately reassuring and shattering the fragile defenses their comrades have constructed. Then, finally, on the sixth day—Saturday morning—a few of them start to break down. Two of the girls begin weeping, confessing they have no real knowledge of their own identity. A boy blurts out an intense analysis of his own relationship with his parents that leaves him sobbing "I've never . . . never been able to love anybody before."

The group shares his insight, but some will not or cannot benefit by it. A black girl, defiantly defensive, insists in a tantrum that she once tried to get close to her father, failed, and now will just go on "kissing his ass." The film ends with a shot of her head resting on the shoulder of a companion, face turned away from the rest of the group.

*Saturday Morning* is more than just a diary of an encounter session. Sometimes funny, often poignant and even tragic, it is a film that should be seen by parents together with their children. In the deepest sense of the word, this is a family picture.

■ J.C.



"SATURDAY MORNING" ENCOUNTER SESSION  
Bound by a common sense of loss.

## BOOKS

### Outer Darkness

KENT STATE, WHAT HAPPENED AND WHY by James Michener. 559 pages. Random House. \$10.

The most startling and depressing passages in James Michener's account of the Kent State tragedy are not those about the killing of four students one year ago (he deals with that almost matter-of-factly), but those wherein he records the hate and anger—against a whole student generation—that surfaced afterward. A mother of three Kent State students: "Anyone who appears on the streets of a city like Kent with long hair, dirty clothes or barefooted

ilitic and on hard drugs. The gossip was so widespread that the county coroner, who had examined the four, felt it necessary to deny each allegation. "These were four clean kids," he reported. Why, then, such talk? "Precisely because they were largely guiltless of any crime against society," Michener says, "they must be denigrated and torn down, because otherwise that society would have to declare itself guilty of murder."

**Minute-by-Minute.** Michener's book, at one level, is a plea for concessions between generations. Noting that most of those calling for more bloodshed were women, he finds a sexual basis to much of the conflict. Women resent the brassiness and supposed bed hopping of to-

ener does not show a disciplined novelist's skills in the telling of this fatal drama. His account is disorganized and repetitious. It runs pretty far afield, too, variously embracing such things as Michener's view of faculty tenure (he is against it) and the origins of Opa-locka, Fla., home town of the famous runaway teen-ager photographed grieving over one of the dead students.

Valuably, the book shows how easily divisions within a community can escalate toward tragedy. Michener convinces the reader when he says: "Kent could be your community." He conveys the diverse personalities involved: the shy, scholarly university president, the ambitious anticampus county prosecutor. He demonstrates fondness for the students who died and also revulsion at the window-smashing and arson tactics of the student rioters. Michener puts some controversies into perspective. There were off-campus agitators inflaming the crowd, and most students were unaware that the fatal Monday rally had been declared illegal.

**No Reason Why.** As regards the shooting, Michener concludes—as did the FBI—that the Guardsmen who fired were neither surrounded nor in danger. "On their left flank there was nobody except a few Guardsmen stationed at Johnson Hall. In the rear there was a handful of gaddies, mostly girls, who posed no threat. Straight ahead the commons was almost empty. The closest student on the right seems to have been at least 20 yards away." Yet at the top of the hill the Guardsmen turned, then fired 55 M-1 rifle bullets, five pistol shots and one shotgun blast in 13 seconds. The closest wounded student fell 71 ft. from the firing squad; the nearest dead youth was 265 ft. away, nearly the length of a football field.

Michener never explains why the Guardsmen fired their guns. He doubts that as a group they had been ordered to fire, but, he believes that "some kind of rough verbal agreement" was reached among the Guardsmen when they huddled just before retreating up the hill. So far, no Guardsman has revealed what was said at that huddle. "It is inconceivable," Michener concludes, "that the 76 men who were penned in on the field that day will be able to maintain their wall of silence indefinitely. In the years that lie ahead, someone will talk, and a flood of testimony will be released."

In the absence of such testimony, Michener is stuck with what is, for him, an uncharacteristically rhetorical conclusion: "The hard-core revolutionary leadership across the nation was so determined to force a confrontation that some kind of major incident had become inevitable." Yet there have been more explosive campus confrontations without gunfire. As Vaclav Koutnik, a professor from Czechoslovakia visiting Kent State, wryly told one of Michener's researchers: "Russia took over my whole country without killing one student. Your soldiers couldn't take over



OHIO NATIONAL GUARDSMEN FIRING AT KENT STATE STUDENTS  
But what was said in the huddle?

deserves to be shot." Where did this Ohio woman get such ideas? "I teach at the local high school," she replied. Another mother speaks to her daughter: "It would have been better for America if every student on that hill had been shot." The daughter protests: "Mother! I was there. Only a miracle of some kind saved me." Replies the mother: "You would have deserved it."

After the shooting, people in the town began flashing four fingers at students. When one townsman was asked what it meant, he explained: "This time we got four of you bastards. Next time we'll get more." Other residents turned this into a macabre jingle: "The score is four./And next time more." Michener finds such sentiments appalling, but so prevalent that they add up to a "frightening portrait of mid-America."

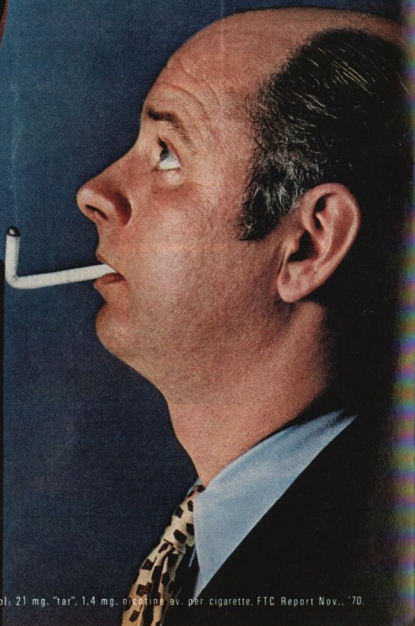
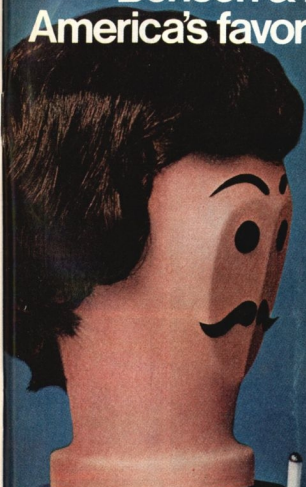
Vile rumors were spread about the four dead students. The bodies were all said to be filthy, some infected with lice. One girl was said to be pregnant, syph-

day's coeds. Men seem to envy a sexual freedom they did not know as youths. Nothing quite so enraged Guardsmen, Michener claims, as the middle-finger gestures of Kent girls, their obscenities, their appearing naked at dormitory windows to invite the troops to "make love, not war."

There will probably never be a more thorough, minute-by-minute account than Michener's of the three days of disorder that preceded the shooting. Michener drew on the determined legwork of two professional journalists from the *Reader's Digest* and twelve young reporters from local newspapers and the Kent School of Journalism. He also spent three months in Kent himself, at first sitting anonymously in bars on Water Street to get the feel of things, later operating out of a motel, where anyone with something to reveal knew where to find him. (Some students and academics would meet him only after dark.)

Though he is also a novelist, Mich-

# Benson & Hedges 100's. America's favorite cigarette break.

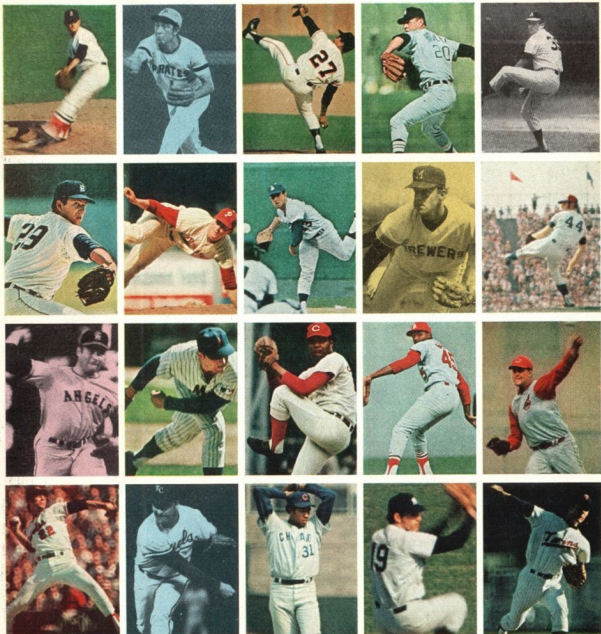


*Regular  
or Menthol*

Regular: 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine; Menthol: 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov., '70.



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a plot of grass." It is not enough for Michener to describe the shooting as "an accident, deplorable and tragic." Triggers were not pulled accidentally, either at My Lai or at Kent State.

■ Ed Magnuson

## Notable

**YOU'RE WELCOME TO ULSTER** by Men-  
na Gallie. 256 pages. Harper & Row.  
\$6.95.

A beautifully written, cleanly unsentimental love story is cause enough for celebration. But Author Gallie has done more. She has skillfully used as background the divided heart of present-day Northern Ireland.

Welsh-born Sarah Thomas is a middle-aged widow working in Cambridge, England. Threatened by breast cancer, she seeks a "last" holiday in Ulster with two close Catholic friends, Caroline and Colum Moore, and a former lover, a Protestant left-wing journalist named James McNeil.

Her sentimental journey creates more chill than charm. She is unsettled to find Belfast decorated for the festival of July 12—the date in 1690 of the Battle of the Boyne which "ensured the preservation of the true Protestant Christian faith against the Whore of Rome."

Once arrived at the Moores' house in County Down, Sarah finds the family rife with potential martyrs: Colum Moore, an English professor trying to resist public political involvement; his devout, naively nationalistic wife, carrying their eighth child and breeding vulnerability; her sister, Una, an angry activist spouting Marx and Marcuse who lives like a nun among grotesque religious relics. Even Sarah's old lover has become a marked man as a Protestant journalist championing the Catholic cause.

Like her heroine, Author Gallie is Welsh-born. But she has got the Gaelic in her, and in the country of the word she is no stranger.

**ROOTS OF INVOLVEMENT: THE U.S. IN ASIA 1784-1971** by Marvin Kalb and Elie Abel. 336 pages. Norton. \$8.95.

Even your more informed dove is unlikely to remember that the debate over policy toward the Philippines around 1900 sounded very much like the contemporary argument over Viet Nam. Or that Dean Acheson himself once acknowledged that back during the Truman Administration, Washington's approach to Indochina was a "muddled hodgepodge."

One accomplishment of *Roots of Involvement* is to record, in cool temper and spare style, how that hodgepodge developed into the Viet Nam War. The authors are Marvin Kalb, CBS diplomatic correspondent, and Elie Abel, his former NBC rival, now dean of the Columbia School of Journalism. They have combined scholarship legwork to construct this useful chronology. They also

# Watch a classroom come alive.



Cincinnati Art Museum

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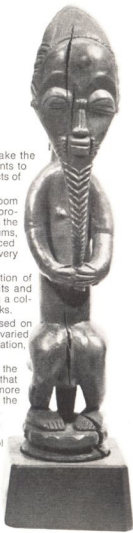
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offer a thesis: that the Viet Nam War is not an aberration but part of the "inexorable progression" of past misconceptions and blunders, including the desire to bolster France, the general goal of containing Communism, and finally a specific fear of the Chinese.

Still, as Kalb and Abel also demonstrate, the war that no President wanted might have been averted. There were moments in all the post-World War II Administrations when some official wisdom might have saved Lyndon Johnson—not to mention the U.S. and Vietnamese peoples—from the results of the decision to intervene with combat divisions in 1965.

**UNDER THE COLORS** by Milovan Djilas. 557 pages. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. \$9.75.

Seldom has the compulsion to go to war been better portrayed than in this novel by Yugoslavia's most celebrated warrior-ideologue. Milovan Djilas wrote *Under the Colors* while serving a prison sentence for criticizing Tito's regime. But the book is not concerned with contemporary events. It re-creates the clash between Serbian and Moslem in Djilas' native Montenegro in the late 19th century. Djilas lost much of his own family in this incessant warfare; he grew up on legends of heroism and endurance.

Djilas depicts everyday life on both sides: slender Turkish girls enveloped in soft shadows and sly glances, the insistent murmur of garden streams in the background; hearty Serbs bathed in the rich sunlight that pours copiously on gleaming mountains. But the book's cumulative power lies in appalling battle details. Heads sail briskly from necks and are hoisted on pikes. A Montenegrin grabs a Turk's horse and tries frantically to kick a severed leg out of the stirrup. During a lunch break between bashing feet and smashing kidneys, an unforgettable father-son torture team laments the passing of the good old days when they did not have to worry about leaving scars.

Djilas is too flinty a Montenegrin to offer much in the way of redemption for such suffering. Men die bravely for a cause that is elusive, not to say parochial. Still, they manage to wrest from the din of battle a selflessness that frees them, if only for moments, from their world of pain.

**WORD PEOPLE** by Nancy Caldwell Sorel. Illustrated by Edward Sorel. 304 pages. American Heritage. \$6.95.

With pungent caricatures and brisk capsule biographies, *Word People* profiles a collection of men and women whose proper names have become part of the English language.

Some of the chosen eponyms are familiar: the sandwich was once an earl; the pompadour a king's mistress; sadism originated with the Marquis de Sade. Many more are likely to surprise: maud-

lin is the old vernacular form of (Mary) Magdalene, usually pictured weeping; Jules Léotard was a 19th century trapeze artist; mausoleum derives from the tomb of "the wily satrap" Mausolus, in Turkey; and tawdry comes from the cheap souvenirs sold at the shrine of a 7th century Anglo-Saxon princess who was called St. Audrey.

One hesitates to be philippic (thank you, Philip of Macedonia), but there is much that fails to mesmerize (see Mesmer's magnetic theory). In contrast to her husband's illustrations, Nancy Sorel treats her subjects blandly. "Lord Cardigan (of sweater fame) took as his third wife the beautiful Adeline de Horsey. They lived happily together until he died at the age of 71 of injuries he received when he fell from his horse." Too bad as well that the writers bypass the kind of speculation that occurs to



THE EARL OF CARDIGAN  
And a Léotard on a trapeze.

the reader immediately. Leopold von Sacher-Masoch might just as easily have given us sacherism as masochism.

So useful a book should certainly not be boycotted. In fact, as Mrs. Malaprop, that endearing eponymous personage might have said, "The authors have led the way and the pillologists and parrotists shall have pun preceding."

**ANGLE OF REPOSE** by Wallace Stegner. 569 pages. Doubleday. \$7.95.

Wallace Stegner shares with Willa Cather what Edmund Wilson once called "two currents of profound feeling—one for the beauty of those lives lived out between the sky and the prairie; the other for the pathos of the human spirit making the effort to send down its roots and to flower in that barren soil." In this book, Stegner rides both currents.

His protagonist is Lyman Ward, a writer-historian with a crippling bone disease. His wife has long since left him. Ward describes his son as "Paul Goodman out of Margaret Mead," and between father and son there exists not so much gap as "gulf." Believing "in life chronological rather than in life ex-

istential," Ward seeks to re-create the frontier past from his grandfather's relics and the prolific papers and sketches of his artist grandmother.

He learns that his grandparents' marriage had a tragic crisis and nearly fell apart. But its center held for sixty years—once the couple finally found their angle of repose, a term Stegner borrows from geology to describe the degree of slope at which falling rocks stabilize and cease to roll.

Sadly, Ward compares their marriage to his own and predictably concludes that modern marital combinations get too little help from society in finding any angle of repose whatever. Even Victorian inhibition seems less destructive than the free-flow orgasmic analysis that drowns so many modern marriages in sexual debate and self-indulgence.

Loss is what the novel is about. The author conveys the most private sense of it, with refreshing reticence about body logistics and bedroom scenery. By not telling all, Stegner illuminates experience and provides insights that are "like dark water under sunlit ice."

**THE GRANDEES** by Stephen Birmingham. 368 pages. Harper & Row. \$10.

*Our Crowd*, Stephen Birmingham's chronicle of New York's "Great Jewish Families," led him to *The Right People*, a history of "the American Social Establishment." Now comes *The Grandees*, grandson of *Our Crowd*. It might be retitled *Their Crowd*, for Birmingham's latest is a history of a rather special group—"America's Sephardic Elite"—which was previously given short shrift by the author.

In 1654, the *Saint Charles*, a ship since dubbed "the Jewish Mayflower," arrived in what is now New York Harbor with 23 Jews aboard. They were fleeing the Spanish Inquisition. It is their descendants—including the Nathan, Gritz, Seixas, Franks and Lopez families—that Birmingham examines. They consider themselves the nobility of American Jewry because their heritage can be traced back to medieval Spain and Portugal, where their ancestors lived as grandees—Spanish or Portuguese noblemen of the first rank.

Birmingham quickly skips from Spain to the Sephardim's arrival in the New World. Despite Peter Stuyvesant, who considered them "godless rascals," they were soon slave-trading with the best people and prospering. In a familiar pattern, the book alternates scandals with successes. Benjamin Cardozo replaced Oliver Wendell Holmes on the Supreme Court. Annie Nathan Meyer founded Barnard College at age 22. The Revolution would have been fought, but almost certainly not won, without Sephardic money. Then there was Uriah Levy. He fought anti-Semitism in the U.S. Navy, kept a mezuzah outside his cabin door, and finally, when he was advanced to the rank of commander in 1837, whimsically painted the guns on his ship a bright blue.

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